DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 472 115 CE 084 183

AUTHOR	Sublett, Roger H., Ed.
TITLE	Leading from the Heart: The Passion To Make a Difference. Leadership Stories Told by Kellogg National Fellowship Program Fellows.
INSTITUTION	Kellogg Foundation, Battle Creek, MI.
ISBN	ISBN-0-9716520-0-7
PUB DATE	2001-07-26
NOTE	151p.
AVAILABLE FROM	W.K. Kellogg Foundation, One Michigan Avenue East, Battle Creek, Michigan 49017-4058. Tel: 269-968-1611; Web site: http://www.wkkf.org/. For full text: http://www.wkkf.org/Pubs/CCT/ Leadership/Pub3674.pdf.
PUB TYPE	Opinion Papers (120)
EDRS PRICE	EDRS Price MF01/PC07 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome; Alzheimers Disease; Blacks; Caregivers; Community Organizations; Competence; Disabilities; Disease Control; Ethics; Family Programs; Grandparents Raising Grandchildren; Health Promotion; Humanitarianism; Hunger; Indigenous Populations; *Individual Development; International Organizations; International Programs; *Leadership; *Leadership Effectiveness; *Leadership Qualities; *Leadership Styles; Minority Groups; Nongovernmental Organizations; Nonprofit Organizations; Personal Narratives; Philanthropic Foundations; Poverty; Preventive Medicine; Program Development; Public Health; *Public Service; Rural Areas; Self Actualization; Skill Development; Social Action; Social Values; Spiritual Development; Spirituality; Urban Areas; Womens Education; World Problems
IDENTIFIERS	Bangladesh; Belize; China; Grassroots Efforts; Kellogg Foundation; Mexico; Mississippi Delta; Peru; South Africa; Tanzania; Zimbabwe

ABSTRACT

This document presents the personal narratives of 19 participants in the National Fellowship/Leadership program. In their narratives, the Kellogg fellows recount their experiences developing leadership knowledge, skills, and competencies while addressing human, societal, and community issues. The following papers are included: "Preface" (William C. Richardson); "Foreword" (Barbara Kellerman); "Introduction" (Roger H. Sublett); "Ride for Righteousness and Justice: Leadership Lessons from a Transcontinental Bike Ride for Hunger Relief" (David G. Altman); "Leading through Conflict: The Interconnectedness of AIDS and Land Conflict in Zimbabwe" (Paul Terry); "Toward Ethical Leadership: My Journey from Tanzania to Belize" (Edward J. O'Neil, Jr.); "Among Angels and Soldiers" (Jenna Berg); "Bringing Attention to America's Forgotten Caregivers: Grandparents Raising Grandchildren" (Meredith Minkler); "Building a Community Vision" (Army Lester); "Practice, Practice" (Pat Mora); "Spirituality in Leadership: Must It Remain the Unspoken?" (Melinda K. Lackey); "Loud, Proud, and Passionate: Women with Disabilities Emerge in Beijing" (Susan Sygall); "Child of the Mississippi Delta" (Royal P. Walker, Jr.); "The Longest Journey" (Colleen Stiles); "Recognizing Others' Truths" (Paul J. Gam); "Something to Contribute, Something to Learn" (Suzanne

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Burgoyne); "Falling Slate and Sacrifice" (Bob Henry Baber); "Three Faces of Leadership" (Patrick F. Bassett); "Leadership Weather" (Steven J. Moss); "Leadership Lessons in Rock Climbing" (Donna L. Burgraff); "Leadership Lessons from the Jungle" (Fay M. Yoshihara); and "Adelberto's Dilemma" (Ken Fox). (MN)

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LEADING FROM THE HEART

THE PASSION TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Leadership Stories Told by Kellogg National Fellowship Program Fellows

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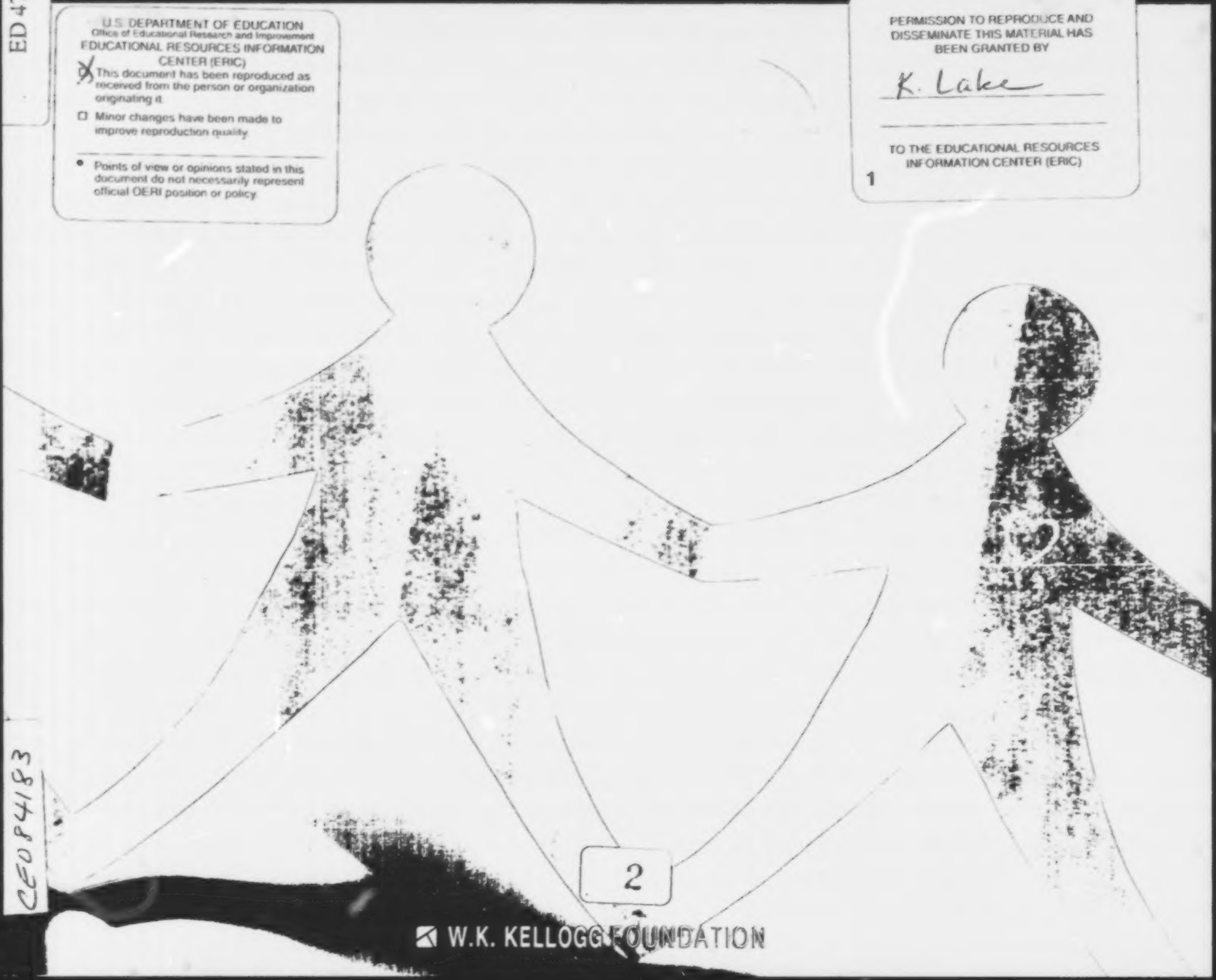

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W.K. KELLOGG FOUNDATION

LEADING FROM THE HEART

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THE PASSION TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE

Leadership Stories Told by Kellogg National Fellowship Program Fellows

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KNLP 3960
Item # 719
1101 5M P&P
Printed on Recycled Paper
ISBN 0-9716520-0-7

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PREFACE

By William C. Richardson

Many of the leadership stories in *Leading from the Heart* describe physical journeys that are both moving and inspiring. Often these journeys are metaphors for the very personal journey of self-discovery each Kellogg fellow traveled while examining goals and values in the context of each one's commitment to make a difference in the lives of others. On behalf of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, I am gratified that the writers also express so deeply their gratitude for the fellowship that fueled their journey.

Life-changing journeys involve unfamiliar paths and risk. These writers in particular grappled with placing their journeys in the context of leadership and their own heartfelt values. Their paths required the courage to endure a process of continuous self-examination in order to develop a unique and personal compass, one that guided their own steps while providing others with an example of a thoroughly examined life. Many of the journeys described here led the writers through difficult and troubled places in America and the world, where misery and hopelessness are everyday fare, yet they found their faith in positive social change galvanized by the experience. In this way, the stories affirm the wisdom of W.K. Kellogg when he provided for his Foundation in 1930: "I will invest my money in people."

Of the hundreds of fellows who participated in the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership program over 21 years, these stories are but a sample of the journeys taken and stories being told in classrooms, boardrooms, communities and villages around the world. This realization is both humbling and exciting for the Foundation. The world needs such leaders in increasing numbers. Leaders able to place their world, and their selves, under a microscope, and be energized by their discoveries.

In each writer, the fellowship experience strengthened their resolve to pursue their own leadership course with renewed passion, and it clarified their vision of their own role in working for positive social change. By their example, these stories provide inspiration and hope for the future, two of the greatest gifts leaders offer us all.

William C. Richardson, President and CEO
W.K. Kellogg Foundation
Battle Creek, Michigan
November 15, 2001

FOREWORD

By Barbara Kellerman

In the field of leadership, the W.K. Kellogg Foundation is a pioneer. Long before leadership studies became fashionable, the Foundation foresaw the virtues of leadership – of taking a relatively small number of men and women and supporting them in their effort to create change for the common good. Put another way, what the Kellogg Foundation understood over two decades ago was that a significant investment in no more than 40 fellows a year could impact in positive ways on the lives of hundreds of thousands of people. The Foundation recognized that leaders leverage.

Now that leadership studies – leadership scholarship, education, development, centers, and institutes – has become so popular, it is hard to recall that what some tag the "leadership industry" is a rather recent phenomenon. For example, James MacGregor Burns's book *Leadership*, which is widely regarded as one of the seminal works in contemporary leadership studies, was published in 1978, only two years before the establishment of the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program. Moreover, the overwhelming majority of leadership programs in schools, corporations, foundations, and the like were initiated subsequent to what the Kellogg Foundation started in 1980.

The Kellogg Foundation may be said therefore to have practiced what it preached. By itself playing a leadership role in what subsequently became the burgeoning leadership field, it demonstrated that an organization – or, to be more exact, a few people within an organization – could in fact make a big difference.

What, more precisely, was the Foundation's "Big Idea"? At the meta-level one might say simply that there was the basic presumption that leadership matters. But in this case the micro-level was at least as important. Consider some of the Kellogg National Fellowship Program's component parts – each of which sent a particular message. (Note: Since the Foundation is a learning organization, the component parts changed over time.)

- Fellowships were awarded for a three-year period. Message sent to grantees: It will take time for you to develop your leadership capacities and skills, for you to do the requisite reflection, and for you to have an impact on the lives of others.
- Fellowships required the development and implementation of carefully crafted action plans. Message sent to grantees: Contrary to conventional wisdom, in leadership work the devil is in the details.
- Action plans focused on new policies and programs. Message sent to grantees: Your primary purpose is to serve others by creating change.
- Action plans also emphasized personal leadership development. Message sent to grantees: You will be that much more effective if you enhance your own leadership skills – skills such as creative thinking, systems thinking, interpersonal effectiveness, and personal mastery.
- Fellowships encouraged participation in cross-group activities. Message sent to grantees: Leadership is engagement – with different persons, cultures, professions, experiences, and fields of intellectual inquiry.

For the large majority of Kellogg fellows, the three-year award period was a transforming experience: to be selected in the first place was to be validated; the program per se constituted a period of learning; and even the attempt to exercise leadership got fellows to "thinking about what's possible – about what we can hope to accomplish."

And so it was that the Kellogg Foundation struck a blow for optimism. By sending the message that leadership is possible – good leadership, that is, the kind defined as "the ability to get good things done with the help of others" – the Foundation declared that change for the better was within our power to create.

This volume, *Leading from the Heart: The Passion to Make a Difference*, is a story book. It is a collection of nineteen stories by nineteen men and women who, as Kellogg fellows, exercised leadership. As Howard Gardner points out in his book *Leading Minds: An Anatomy of Leadership*, this juxtaposition is no coincidence. For Gardner, leading is storytelling:

"The ultimate impact of the leader depends most significantly on the particular story that he or she relates or embodies. ... Leaders present a dynamic perspective to their followers: not just a headline or snapshot, but a drama that unfolds over time, in which they – leader and followers – are the principal characters or heroes. Together, they have embarked on a journey in pursuit of certain goals, and along the way and into the future, they can expect to encounter certain obstacles or resistances that must be overcome."

So it comes as no surprise that the tales that follow flow naturally, that they are told with grace and authority by agents of change who understand intuitively as well as intellectually that good storytelling and good leadership can be one and the same.

As Roger Sublett – who, along with Larraine Matusak, was crucial to the health and welfare of the Kellogg National Fellowship Program – points out in the Introduction, this book is divided into three sections: Service, Personal Development, and Leadership. These may be regarded as overarching themes.

But other notes are sounded regularly in this volume, notes that will ring true to anyone who has walked the leadership field, either through theory or in practice. I will refer to three in particular.

Culture

Travel was part of virtually every Kellogg fellowship experience. Sometimes it was domestic travel, to American cities or towns or rural byways. But often the journey was of a more exotic kind, the kind that even in this relatively jaded age excites. As this book indicates, extended stays in Latin America and Africa, for example, were not uncommon, and indeed many fellows actively sought out, through the design of their action plans, nations, cultures, and contexts entirely different from their own.

It is impossible to read through this book without coming to understand, viscerally as well as intellectually, the importance of culture. I refer here most obviously to exercising leadership within a particular national culture, but in fact the point is more complex. For as we see, even within nations Kellogg fellows had to wrestle with differences between the cultures of women and men, young and old, rich and poor, those who were well and those who were ill. Paul Terry illuminates the importance of culture in one sentence. Describing his experiences as a white American researcher combating AIDS in Zimbabwe he writes simply, "Accordingly, just as I've made the rounds to visit with epidemiologists and public health educators, I've also met with priests, herbalists, witchdoctors, anthropologists, artists, and politicians."

Integration

Among the least appreciated or even mentioned leadership skills is the capacity to integrate, to synthesize. Integrate what? Synthesize what? Above all, people – and ideas. Leadership is not possible unless the group in all its diversity has coherence, and leadership is not creative unless the ideas that underpin it are logical as well as eclectic.

Whenever Martin Luther King Jr. spoke at any length, he drew on an astonishingly wide range of sources to make his point and pull in his audience. King threaded poets, prophets, preachers, philosophers, and politicians into his oratory. One minute he spoke as if from the pulpit, and the next as if from the bully pulpit. Perhaps his greatest talent was to integrate ideas just as he, literally, integrated people.

And so David Altman, who had previously preferred to work solo, transformed bike riding into a collective act, into "Hunger Relief 2000: Bike Across America." Moreover, he saw his work, the genesis of which was a three-week stay in Bangladesh, through the prism of writers and thinkers, many of them Jewish. In the story he tells here he refers to, among others, Victor Frankl, the sage Shammai, and Maimonides. Altman writes, "Many leadership lessons emerged as I studied the hunger problem and my obligation to fight hunger as a human, as an American, and as a Jew." In his fight against hunger, Altman joined people and ideas.

Learning

If the stories in this book attest to any single thing, it is that leading is learning. Over and over again the fellows describe voyages of discovery. Of course the question of how exactly these kinds of lessons are learned persists. Leadership education and development programs are always wrestling with how to teach what is most important. In any case, the Kellogg Foundation got a lot right. The three-year experience they bestowed on their grantees was for many of them a profound learning experience.

Pat Mora writes that the Kellogg fellowship "forced or nudged" her to stop and reflect on questions such as "What am I learning?" and "Where am I going and why?" Sometimes the learning was external – something new picked up about the context, or about the task at hand, or about constituents who are being persuaded to go along. Susan Sygall absorbed hard lessons in China about leading people with disabilities. She writes, "I have learned that creating an empowering environment is crucial to leadership development. ... I have learned the importance of solidarity and interchange among all disabled people of the world. ... I have learned to surround myself with talented people."

And often, at least as often, the learning was internal – that is, about the self. Mora writes that she came to understand the need to prioritize, to persist, to begin her day "with quiet," and to "practice leaps of faith." Edward J. O'Neil Jr. discovered the resonance between his faith and his own ideals on service. "Perhaps," he muses, "there had been larger forces at work when I had felt such strong emotions in Tanzania." For Jenna Berg, in Mexico during the Zapatista Revolution in the mid-1990s, it was subsequently giving birth that somehow crystallized her Kellogg fellowship experience. "For the first time, back home in the States, as I embrace the precious new life that has taken over my heart, I begin to 'know' what I have longed to know and to understand what this revolution is really all about."

There is a third kind of learning that leadership sometimes – not always, but sometimes – generates: learning we can simply label "objective." This kind of learning does not relate directly to a specific leadership act, or indeed to a particular leader. Rather, it is about developing or uncovering new information, new facts, new data available to anyone.

Meredith Minkler describes herself as having been "privileged to help bring local and national attention to the needs – and incredible strengths – of American grandparents raising grandchildren." To this end she did everything good leaders typically do: she identified the problem, forged a coalition, mobilized constituents, and developed a plan for implementation. But Minkler went a step further. Her training and drive enabled her to build a knowledge base in this particular area that did not exist previously.

In the early 1990s Minkler developed the Grandparent Caregiver Study, which involved community organizations, four graduate students from two universities, an advisory board, and 71 grandmothers raising young children. Important information on aging caregivers of young children was acquired for the first time. Later she founded and directed the Grandparent Caregiver Information Center, which created a database of over 300 support groups for grandparent caregivers around the country. The primary importance of Minkler's work, then, is the degree to which she generated and disseminated research findings on a subject previously widely ignored.

Still, for all the leadership learning that takes place, the leadership described here is more a matter of the heart than of the mind, as the title of this book suggests. The nineteen Kellogg fellows are telling us tales of passion – of their passion "to get good things done with the help of others."

Barbara Kellerman is executive director of the Center for Public Leadership and lecturer in Public Policy at Harvard University's John F. Kennedy School of Government. She has held professorships at Fordham, Tufts, Fairleigh Dickinson, George Washington, and Uppsala universities. She also served as the director for the Center for the Advanced Study of Leadership at the University of Maryland. Winner of three Fulbright fellowships, she is author and editor of many books on leadership, most recently "Reinventing Leadership: Making the Connection Between Politics and Business" (State University Press of New York, 1999).

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A special acknowledgment and expression of appreciation is given to Dr. Shirley S. Chater and Delores (Dee) Grubb for their assistance in collecting, reviewing, editing, and making suggestions as this book materialized. Mary Lynn Falbe's skills in preparing the manuscript and keeping us focused on finishing the tasks were essential in completing the book. I could not have completed the work without the enthusiastic support of each of these professional colleagues and dear friends.

Recognition and expression of appreciation is given to Ali Webb and Sharon Tubay, of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation Communications Department, for making sure that we had the support required to bring this project to a successful conclusion. A special thanks is given to Dr. Rick Foster for his unfaltering personal and financial support of this project and for his constant encouragement to all of us. It is with deep respect and high regard for her scholarship that I express appreciation to Dr. Barbara Kellerman for her contributions to this volume. To my wife, Cynthia M. Sublett, I express appreciation for her suggestion of the title of this book. And most important, to the Kellogg fellows who submitted stories, and especially those whose stories are included, thank you for sharing with all of us. It has been a pleasure to work with each of you, and I hope you enjoy the results of our collective efforts as much as we enjoyed having the opportunity to work with each of you.

To all of the Kellogg fellows and advisers who have participated in KNFP/KNLP over the past 21 years: the stories included are just a small sample, and many remain yet untold. I encourage you to write and share your own leadership stories as you continue to make a difference in the lives of others. A very special thank-you to the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, the Board of Trustees, administration, program directors, KNFP/KNLP staff and WKKF staff who worked enthusiastically over the years to make sure that Kellogg national fellows received the support necessary to make their fellowship experiences life-changing ones.

With grateful appreciation for the opportunity to serve, I shall always remember the experiences, conversations, challenges, and considerable accomplishments of Kellogg fellows. Our work is not yet done, and we must find the courage in our personal and professional lives to always demonstrate the passion to make a difference.

Roger H. Sublett, Director
Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program, 1991–2001
W.K. Kellogg Foundation
Battle Creek, Michigan
July 26, 2001

INTRODUCTION

By Roger H. Sublett

Through the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program, the W.K. Kellogg Foundation has worked with over 700 fellows and 96 senior advisers since 1980. The stated purpose of the program has been to "assist emerging leaders in the development of leadership knowledge, skills, and competencies addressing human, societal, and community issues." While knowledge, skills, and competencies in leadership development are clearly important, the most significant emphasis of our leadership program has been on the growth of individual leaders as they struggle to understand themselves, their vision, and their values, and discover their voices in the service of others. Virtually every Kellogg fellow has been motivated by a passion to make a difference. Using their intellects and hearts, fellows extended helping hands to others in making meaningful contributions as agents of change. To paraphrase author Parker Palmer, they have "let their lives speak."

Throughout our work with Kellogg fellows, we have been most committed to concepts of transforming servant leadership. We have encouraged fellows to be risk-takers, to become aware of their talents, to recognize that everyone has leadership abilities, to develop their vision, to tell their story, to build lasting relationships, to recognize the power of supportive networks, and to take the time to find a space for disciplined reflection.

In the process of encouraging leadership growth among fellows, we soon uncovered the power of storytelling. Successful leaders are those who weave their personal stories into the fabric of communities and organizations where they live and work, allowing them to tell their own stories and in the process establish a personal legacy. It is important to tell our stories over and over again, to make them come alive in our lives and the lives of others.

Leading from the heart requires each of us to be authentic in everything we do. It encourages us to pay as much attention to our internal compass as we do to our external actions. As leaders, we are often judged by our external efforts; however, long before those are apparent, the heart has already given direction to our actions. There is no substitute for self-knowledge in helping us to be honest with ourselves, truthful with others, and to serve with integrity, thus allowing each of us to make the unique contributions that only we can make.

Leading from the heart assures the development of an inner, spiritual awareness that sustains us through life's crises, requiring us to move to another level of awareness and commitment. Those who lead from the heart reflect wholeness in spirit and mind; they are sustained and empowered with self-confidence, wisdom, integrity, humor, and the understanding to recognize and celebrate each individual as a special person with unique abilities and gifts.

We must recognize that any successful life has only the meaning that we are able to give it through understanding of ourselves, our faith, our relationships with others, our courage, and our actions. The challenge of this type of leadership is having the courage to live our vision and passion, tempered with the wisdom to trust and embrace others. By changing our perspective and using our knowledge, we can accomplish extraordinary things if we are inspired to lead with self-confidence and to really believe that we can make a difference. We have choices to make throughout our lives, and how we choose to lead our personal and professional lives, in fact, does make a difference to all with whom we interact in our families, our communities, and our organizations. Imagine the power of working collaboratively in an organization or program with individuals who are committed to leading from the heart.

Readers will note that this book has been divided into three sections: Service, Personal Development, and Leadership. Service is about relationships and processes; thus, leadership is relational and process-oriented. Effective leaders build and sustain relationships through serving others. Effective leadership demands self-knowledge and requires courage to engage in an inner journey to discover the authentic leader within each of us; therefore, personal development is an essential component to leadership growth.

While our leadership explorations were never intended to be all-encompassing, they have given fellows a wide berth in researching leadership theories and best practices while challenging their own values and commitments in searching their hearts for the leader within. Thus, reflections about leadership in general have been included in Section Three.

The creative spirit of all Kellogg fellows is well represented among the authors included in this book. From "Spirituality in Leadership: Must It Remain the Unspoken?" to "Child of the Mississippi Delta" to "Falling Slate and Sacrifice" to "Ride for Righteousness and Justice," the authors tell their stories in ways that celebrate people while demonstrating a powerful understanding of the impact of service to others on their own leadership growth.

The Kellogg fellows who have shared a part of their lives in this book clearly are leading from the heart. I hope the readers sense their passion to make a difference and their involvement in the lives of others. While these stories are powerful in themselves, they remind all of us that our individual stories also provide powerful examples of the strength and resilience of the human spirit. The authors join me in challenging you to live your lives in such a way that you will be treasured for your contributions to others. Finding the passion to make a difference is a lifelong endeavor, focusing on service as well as leadership.

If you choose to lead from the heart, I suspect you will find yourself on unfamiliar paths seeking innovative, creative solutions to complex problems. From my own experience, I know that leading from the heart requires the courage to make mistakes along with the humility to accept successes. Regardless of the length of one's life, the longest journey each of us will ever take is from the head to the heart. Enjoy the exploration and the exhilaration of self-discovery.

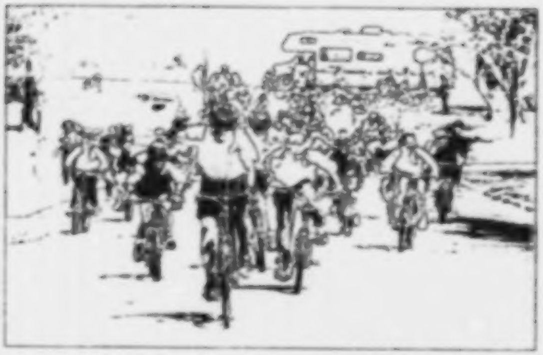
It has been a privilege to work with such a talented group of writers; we hope each reader will enjoy these stories as much as we enjoyed the creative process of bringing people and ideas together.

SECTION ONE

Service

> *It should be our purpose in life to see that each of us makes such a contribution as will enable us to say that we, individually and collectively, are a part of the answer to the world problem and not part of the problem itself.*
>
> —Andrew Cordier

Focus on others was an important part of the original design and a guiding principle in the subsequent development of the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program. The mission of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, "To help people help themselves through the practical application of knowledge and resources to improve their quality of life and that of future generations," clearly demonstrates the commitment of the Foundation in encouraging service to others. Participants in KNFP/KNLP have been influenced by examples of servant leaders from across the world, by people from all walks of life, and from the literature of the field. The following authors provide poignant insights into the concept of leadership as service.



__David G. Altman__ demonstrated not only personal courage and stamina in undertaking his cross-country bike ride for hunger relief, but he also acted on his passion to make a difference in the lives of those who experience hunger as a daily part of their lives. David's work grew out of a new approach to leadership development for KNLP Group XVI, the Leadership Action Plan, through which each fellow had an opportunity to design an applied project as a part of the third year of the fellowship. David was able to leverage $15,000 earmarked for his applied project to raise over $350,000 through his work with MAZON, a national, nonprofit agency working to alleviate hunger. Through his search for a deeper understanding of his own heritage and his desire to serve others, David found himself in a leadership role quite unlike anything he had previously done.

RIDE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS AND JUSTICE

Leadership Lessons from a Transcontinental Bike Ride for Hunger Relief

By David G. Altman

> I shall be telling this with a sigh
> Somewhere ages and ages hence:
> Two roads diverged in a wood, and I –
> I took the one less traveled by,
> And that has made all the difference.
>
> – Robert Frost, *The Road Not Taken*

IN EARLY FEBRUARY 1998 my plane touched down in Dhaka, Bangladesh. Tired and somewhat apprehensive about being alone on my first trip to Bangladesh, I collected my thoughts and gathered my energy for what I knew would be a life-changing three weeks. My trip to Bangladesh, one of the most impoverished countries in the world, held many lessons for me on hunger, leadership, and the path to righteousness and justice.

FROM THE MOMENT I STEPPED OFF THE PLANE, I witnessed the horror of hunger and malnutrition. This horror, however, was juxtaposed against the incredible resiliency and warm demeanor of the Bangladeshi people. The hospitals I visited teemed with starving children. One was so crowded that children were packed tightly on cots in the halls and under a tarp outside. I was told that half would die within a few days. I will forever remember the faces of those innocent children and grieving family members struggling to survive. I'll never forget the eight-year-old girl, holding her two-year-old brother, knocking on car windows asking for money, as they dodged buses, cars, baby taxis, and bicycle-driven rickshaws in the congested streets of Dhaka. Like too many Bangladeshi girls, she would probably grow up to be an illiterate adult. When I rolled down my window to give her a few taka, she jumped with excitement, as if she had won the lottery. As the car moved forward, she ran alongside thanking me with wide eyes and a broad smile. I wondered whether she or her younger brother would be one of the 30,000 children somewhere in the world who would die that day from hunger.

DESPITE THE OVERWHELMING POVERTY I WITNESSED, whether I was in Dhaka or in isolated villages accessible only by riverboat, the Bangladeshis always gave me their best food, their most comfortable beds, and abundant kindness. I had trouble squaring my own prosperity with their poverty, and I often felt guilty about the comfortable existence into which I had been born. Many of us, my family included, are blessed with good jobs and shelter, and plenty of food. This blessing, however, can also be a curse – a curse of being blind to those less fortunate. Hunger is a hard concept for many of us to grasp. I came to understand, more deeply, an old lesson I had learned years before – that my relative comfort was in fact a gift that I was obligated to share.

A FEW MONTHS LATER, in the heat of the summer, I personally experienced the harshness and miracles of the desert during a two-week survival course sponsored by the Boulder Outdoor Survival School (BOSS). Throughout the 14 days we spent in the remote high desert of Utah near the Escalante Wilderness, the 11 other participants and I did not see any other humans. We traveled without modern implements – no sleeping bags, stoves, matches, flashlights, backpacks, watches, sunglasses, tents, or tools, other than a knife. We were allowed to bring limited clothing, which we wore day in and day out. The course leaders provided very little food – much of what we ate we either caught or found ourselves. I learned many technical skills, from fishing with bare hands using a technique called wiggling, to constructing shelter, to finding water and indigenous food, to making arrowheads, to making fire by rubbing sticks together. But the predominant memory of my two weeks in the desert was of hunger, a feeling I will never forget. This was not the type of hunger that I have experienced when skipping a meal or fasting for a day. This was a penetrating hunger that literally consumed my body at a rate of one pound each day. By the end of the survival trip, I was physically and mentally drained – and I had lost 10 percent of my total body weight. In the desert, I thought often about my trip to Bangladesh and wondered whether in the face of daily hunger I too could be as resilient and forward-looking as many of the Bangladeshis I had the honor of meeting.

FOR THE FIRST THREE DAYS IN THE DESERT we ate essentially nothing, though we hiked up to 20 miles each day, well into darkness, traveling by instinct and by the light of the stars and moon. We slept huddled together, despite being strangers, trying to keep each other warm – and alive – through the cold desert nights. By the third day without food, I was depressed, angry, nearly completely drained of energy, and beginning to question whether I could go on. Two of the 12 participants quit on the fourth morning. The remaining 10 people were disappointed to lose two members of our now close-knit group, but we understood their decision. Over these three days without food, my thoughts moved from my own suffering, and the food I so desired, to the 800 million people around the world, one out of seven human beings, who face the horror of hunger every day, not just on a two-week yuppie survival course. I again thought of the 30,000 children who die every day from lack of food and from diseases caused by hunger and malnutrition. I thought of the elderly in the United States, one out of six of whom have an inadequate diet. And I thought of the children in this country, one out of eight of whom go to bed hungry every night. Beyond the statistics, I wondered whether society sometimes had the wrong priorities. Some estimate that an additional $40 billion per year would be enough to end hunger worldwide. Yet United States citizens spend $50 billion each year going to the movies; spend as much on cruise vacations and theme parks as the federal government spends on Aid to Families with Dependent Children; and, like Europeans, spend $17 billion per year on pet food.

IN THE DESERT, I renewed my commitment to fight hunger through my actions, not just through my prayers or my checkbook. The BOSS course taught me that leadership, and indeed survival, is a function of working with, relying on, and motivating other people. During a three-day solo experience, I reflected on the lessons I could learn from relying on total strangers for my survival in the desert. I came to realize that leadership in the desert, and in most other places, was:

- Not about leading a group of people through unfamiliar terrain. Rather, it's about serving others, especially those who are struggling to keep up with the group.
- Not just about personal achievement, but about the strength and depth of trusting relationships developed between people (the strongest, most knowledgeable, and most experienced BOSS participants did not necessarily emerge as leaders of the group).
- Not about age, gender, professional status, income, or other such demographic characteristics.

But I learned that leadership was and is:

- About understanding one's own strengths and weaknesses and how to capitalize on strengths and compensate for weaknesses by working with other people.
- About pushing the envelope, stretching, and breaking out of ingrained patterns of practice.

THESE TWO EXPERIENCES, and others during the Kellogg fellowship, left me motivated to make a difference in the lives of hungry people. The seeds of Hunger Relief 2000: Bike Across America (HR2000) had sprouted. When I conceived of riding my bike cross-country for hunger relief, I was not a cyclist or fund-raiser. Thus, the plan to ride from California to North Carolina, some 3,000 miles, to raise hundreds of thousands of dollars, and to speak to thousands of people about hunger, became a massive leadership challenge. It became clear to me that for the project to be successful, I needed to marshal the assistance of other people – this was not a time to be a soloist, which had been one of my core preferences and strengths (and, I subsequently learned, weaknesses). I had to figure out what would motivate people to take action on hunger, and how I, as a leader, could channel their energy, and mine, into effective action.

A BOOK BY VICTOR FRANKL, *Man's Search for Meaning*, provided me with some clues. Frankl, a Holocaust survivor, wrote, "Man's main concern is not to gain pleasure or to avoid pain but rather to see a meaning in his life." In my opinion, one of the reasons that spirituality is so popular these days is that people are starving to find meaning in their lives. Thus, I set out with the philosophy that if HR2000 could help people find meaning in their lives, I could capture their hearts, souls, and checkbooks. It also struck me that Frankl's concept of the importance of meaning was consistent with a powerful perspective on leadership offered by Chuck Palus and Bill Drath at the Center for Creative Leadership (CCL). In a booklet they wrote titled *Making Common Sense: Leadership as Meaning-Making in a Community of Practice*, Palus and Drath observed:

> "One thing that we all share is the hunger to make things make sense. ... Leadership in organizations can be seen as more about making meaning than about making decisions and influencing people. ... Leadership is the process of making sense of what people are doing together so that people will understand and be committed ... in other words, one person does what some other person influences him or her to do because doing it makes sense to both people. ...The people we call natural leaders (charismatic leaders, powerful individual leaders,

> inspired leaders) are the people who are able to express formulations of meaning on behalf of a community – they can say what people have in their minds and hearts. ... Our constructs of leadership, it seems, have been built up around ... the powerful individual taking charge. This aspect of leadership is like the whitecaps on the sea – prominent and captivating, flashing in the sun. But to think about the sea solely in terms of the tops of waves is to miss the far vaster and more profound phenomenon out of which such waves arise – it is to focus attention on the tops and miss the sea beneath. And so leadership may be much more than the dramatic whitecaps of the individual leader, and may be more productively understood as the deep blue water we all swim in when we work together."

I FOUND A POWERFUL LINKAGE between Frankl's concept of the importance of finding meaning in one's life with CCL's concept of leadership as meaning-making. Taken together, Frankl's perspective and CCL's perspective suggested that I needed to design HR2000 in a way that would be deeply meaningful and that facilitated people working together to make sense of a world where poverty and abundance were juxtaposed in cruel and paradoxical ways. On my bike trip, I learned that most people wanted to be righteous, but they sometimes needed help in moving from the desire to be righteous to engagement in righteous activities. For some people, HR2000 gave them a concrete outlet to express their righteous desires.

THE EARLY SUCCESS OF HR2000 was built upon a vision of Tikkun Olam (repairing the world through acts of loving kindness), meaning-making, and human connections. Ultimately, HR2000 attracted hundreds of volunteers to help carry the message of hunger relief. These volunteers kept me going, even when I questioned whether we could pull off a project of this magnitude. Here's an inspirational letter we received from an anonymous HR2000 contributor:

> While we can't donate for every mile that you ride, we can help with an extra check this year. This one is for my Dad, who died in April. All winter, while he was sick, he repeated his mantra ... he said, 'I can do it,' whether it was making it through his treatments or allowing himself to die his last day, the hardest thing he ever did. What he taught us was that if we really wanted to do something, we would find a way to get it done. All it takes is commitment.

IN THE TALMUD, the sage Shammai said, "The righteous say little but do much, while the wicked make grandiose promises, but don't do even a little." Saying little and doing much became one of the guiding forces of HR2000. This was a project dedicated to raising public awareness about hunger, raising money for a hunger relief organization, and persuading thousands of people across the country to fight for the basic and just right of providing food for hungry people. The words of Hillel, a contemporary of Shammai, also influenced the underlying philosophy of HR2000: "If I am not for myself, who will be for me? But if I am only for myself, what am I? And if not now, when?"

AT NEARLY AGE 43, it was time to put myself on the line to fight for hungry people. If not now, when? Here's my journal entry on day one of the trip:

> Thursday, February 3. With considerable nervousness about finally starting the bike ride, my friend Jack and I drove from Studio City to Santa Monica, CA, the starting point for HR2000. Not having ridden my bike in about 3 weeks, I didn't know how I would feel. But the adrenaline was racing through my body and the long planning

was finally coming to fruition. It took me more time than usual to get my bike and myself ready to ride (we were both very rusty). The first few hours of riding were fantastic as I rode past gorgeous beaches with surfers, strollers, and cyclists. The bike paths were right on the beach at times, and I could hear and smell the crashing waves a few dozen yards from where I was riding. CA is so advanced with respect to bike paths that at one point, the bike path was routed through a public parking deck near the beach. Way to go California bike planners! The weather was beautiful and I was relieved to not have rain on my first day of cycling. My bike was not too happy about being on the road again ... within 7 miles, my odometer went on the blink (weak battery), my handlebars became loose, my mirror fell off, and my derailleur needed adjusting. If my bike could have talked, it would have said: "Oy." The beauty of the early ride was offset by going through major industrial areas in southern LA County, Long Beach, and northern Orange County. The contrast was rather stunning in such a short time frame. My body felt reasonably strong under the circumstances and I arrived in my old stomping grounds of Irvine about 1 pm, tired but relieved to have made the ride without any major bike or body part giving out! I know my family was relieved to see me safe and sound! Diary entry, Day 1.

OVER THE TWO MONTHS I CYCLED from California to North Carolina (February 3–March 24, 2000), I spoke to more than 10,000 people about hunger. I gave speeches at synagogues, churches, schools, food banks, and other community-based organizations. Numerous TV and newspaper reporters interviewed me. As of December 2000, over $350,000 had been collected, and checks were still being received each week. HR2000 taught me much about leadership. At its root, I came to appreciate that leadership is largely about the depth and quality of relationships that we form with other people. I also relearned an old lesson – the benefit I derived from HR2000 far exceeded whatever help I provided to hungry people. Chapter 48 of Isaiah captures this important lesson: "If you pour yourself out for the hungry and satisfy the desire of the afflicted, then shall your light rise in the darkness and your gloom be as the noonday."

MOST OF THE RESEARCH ON LEADERSHIP downplays the importance of positional leadership (leadership afforded to someone simply because of their position). We all know individuals who have big titles but who are lousy leaders. Likewise, we all know individuals who are great leaders, but have no title, degree, or other organizational status bestowed on them. HR2000 and other Kellogg experiences taught me that leadership is about what people do collectively, not simply what a "leader" does individually. Abraham Lincoln spoke about the power of individual action. On the importance of keeping the Union whole, he said that a single thread is easily broken, but that many threads, woven together, make a cord that is strong and can bear great weight. Through the contributions of HR2000 volunteers, we wove together a strong cord that will be a lifeline to many hungry people for many years to come.

MANY FRIENDS, relatives, and strangers kept my spirits high over the long journey. They also helped me to remain focused on the philosophical underpinnings of HR2000. What follows is an e-mail I received from Pat, one of my mentors in the Kellogg National Leadership Program. From the day I met Pat, she impressed me with her uncanny ability to get me to think about the bigger issues in life. While I was in a remote part of Texas fighting relentless headwinds and lonely stretches of deserted state highways, she sent me the following e-mail:

> I'm struck by what a powerful analogy the road is for life. Often all our energy, strength and concentration is used to meet an immediate challenge. It is all consuming. When we've overcome the struggle, we celebrate having survived – standing at the summit, looking back at where we have been and acknowledging we are stronger, sometimes smarter. We undertake the next challenge as though it were a brand new journey in a new land. What a different perspective we would have if our acknowledgment of mastery came while we were still on the path, facing that next stretch of road. We would use the exhilaration of the moment to propel us forward, pausing only to take stock or put what we'd learned to work. We would understand that life is one long journey with a road that is sometimes bumpy, often smooth, circuitous and straight. We would see perceived distractions were merely part of a larger landscape that help give life context. You may think this trip is all about raising awareness and money for hunger, and the giving of yourself for others. It is also about sharing life's lessons with young and old and giving each of us an opportunity to journey inside and join you on the road to enlightenment.

MANY PEOPLE who first heard about HR2000 would focus on the cycling component of the project. That's understandable – relatively few people have cycled cross-country, and cycling is a concrete activity that people could readily understand. Hunger relief, on the other hand, is for some people more abstract and difficult to grasp. Although I was happy to talk about cycling, I was more interested in talking about the philosophical underpinnings of the project. In the end, the message of hunger relief touched the hearts of many Americans. This e-mail is reflective of a series of messages that lifted my spirits and helped to keep my legs pumping mile after mile and my hand outstretched for donations:

> The year was 1931. In a small and remote village in Western India, a woman passed away, leaving behind a 19-year-old son and an absentee husband. While the death of his mother was difficult to bear, the son found out that there was no food in the hut and there was no money either, not for his next meal, or for his mother's cremation. So the first task at hand was to go begging for food, and for money to pay for the cremation services. Through the generosity of others in the village, the son was able to get the money for the cremation. And the last rites for the mother were performed appropriately. But the question of food still loomed over his head. With the help of his sisters, who were married, but faced the same economic fate as he did, the young man was able to put a few meals together. He vowed, however, that his children would never face this fate. So he worked hard over many years, taught himself the English language, learned to write as a journalist, studied economics through books and other sources, and finally became successful. Somewhere along the way, he could stop worrying about where his next meal was going to come from. And his kids did not have to worry about it either. This passage is being written by one of his kids. Not all stories have such happy endings, but there are millions of people all across the world who have a story that ends with the subject dying of hunger, let alone becoming successful. And even for those who can raise themselves out of abject poverty, there are many days of hunger before the future starts to hold any promise. It is for all those people that you ride this bike. Thank you and God speed!

A KEY PURPOSE OF HR2000 was raising money for a hunger relief organization. Not being a fund-raiser, part of my early work was studying fund-raising philosophy, strategies, and tactics. There are leadership lessons to be learned in the unraveling of different philosophical orientations toward charity. The roots of concepts related to fund-raising can be found in major religious traditions. Charity, which comes from the Latin word *caritas,* refers to giving from the heart. Philanthropy, with its roots in the Greek words *philo* (lover) and *anthropos* (mankind), refers to giving out of love for other humans. *Tzedakah,* a Hebrew word, comes from the root word *tzedek,* which means justice. Thus, Jews believe that giving is an obligatory act of righteousness and justice, and does not need to involve the heart or love – it's the law and it's required.

THE GREAT JEWISH SAGE from Spain, Maimonides (1135–1204), wrote influential texts on tzedakah. One powerful concept was that there are levels of giving. That is, while all giving is good, certain forms of giving should be considered of greater value than other forms. In rank order, with the highest number being the greatest charitable act, Maimonides offered the following rankings:

1. Giving grudgingly.
2. Giving less than appropriate, but graciously.
3. Giving after one is asked to give.
4. Giving before one is asked to give.
5. Giving in which the recipient is unknown to the giver (but the giver is known to the recipient).
6. Giving in which the giver is unknown to the recipient (but the recipient is known to the giver).
7. Giving in which the giver and the recipient are unknown to one another (anonymously).
8. Providing a gift, a loan, a business partnership, a job, rendering alms unnecessary.

MAIMONIDES AND OTHER JEWISH SCHOLARS argued that giving to the poor was not an act of generosity or love. Rather, it was simply the just and right thing to do. They suggested that motives or desires (such as love, passion, concern, and empathy) should not determine whether someone gives – rather, giving was an obligation. In fact, these scholars argued that you "pay" rather than "give" tzedakah. The difference between paying (an involuntary act) and giving (a voluntary act) is profound. Even poor people, who received charity from others, were obligated to pay tzedakah from what they received. These early Jewish sages were concerned with giving and with the effects of giving on the recipient. Charity was most effective if it helped the poor help themselves (empowerment) and ensured that the giver and the recipient did not know what the other was doing. Valuing anonymous giving was done to protect the dignity and self-respect of the poor. Thus, how one gave, as well as how much one gave, guided the thinking of these early sages.

THE SAGES ALSO SUGGESTED, and I experienced firsthand in HR2000, that paying tzedakah increases one's own wealth. Along these lines, we are instructed that enlisting others to help in acts of charity is even more important than personally participating in charity. My faith in the generosity of everyday Americans soared during my ride cross-country. I became convinced that as long as leaders gave people visionary and engaging opportunities to participate, many Americans were committed to helping fight poverty in ways that preserved the dignity of the poor. Here's a journal entry from eastern Arizona that reflects this point:

> Outside of Safford, on a relatively quiet high desert road near the end of the day, my parents were walking near the HR2000 RV support vehicle when a pickup truck stopped to ask if they needed any help. Not missing this opportunity, my Dad said "no" and explained why they were taking a walk in the middle of nowhere. This family of four, who were obviously poor, were returning from a birthday party in town for one of their two young daughters, both of whom were in the back of the truck. After hearing the story of HR2000 and being inspired by the goals of the project, the man dug into his pocket, pulled out two very crumpled dollar bills (they were

> in two small balls), stuck them in my Dad's hand and said that was all he had. The family then drove off, wishing my parents well. When my parents told me the story later that night, I remembered seeing a pickup truck filled with hay that passed me on a long hill. As the truck passed, I saw hands waving and I heard a short little honk.

BEYOND THE MONEY RAISED, the overall impact of HR2000 is hard to measure quantitatively. One experience in West Texas, however, convinced me that our message of hunger relief was spreading throughout the country. Here's the journal entry:

> While fixing my bike in the RV park in Van Horn, a man came running out of the RV parked next to us and said that I was on TV ... he and his wife were quite impressed that their RV neighbor was on TV. Yesterday, I did an interview with an El Paso TV station that aired both Saturday night and Sunday night. Needless to say, it's a small world when in a remote RV park in West Texas, you have an encounter of this kind! My Dad, being a great press agent, slipped a brochure into his hands and asked him to support the project!

LITTLE SPARKS OF SOCIAL SUPPORT from strangers, sometimes offered in the most unusual places and the most unusual ways, kept my motivation high. Each time I had an encounter with a righteous stranger, my optimism for the future of this country increased. Here's a journal entry from outside of Junction, Texas:

> As I was leaving the rest area on my bike, I passed a middle-aged couple walking their dog. As I rode by, they asked, jokingly, if I would like to take their dog on a run ... I replied, "I have enough weight to carry, but thanks for asking." About five miles later, as I was riding through a remote section of road with no one or nothing in sight, I suddenly heard music from behind me. At first, this startled me as this was a noise unlike any I have heard on the trip (the sound of an 18-wheeler rig going 75 mph is a sound I'll never forget!). The music was blaring through the dry West Texas air and I could tell that it was the theme song of the Lone Ranger (i.e., the "William Tell Overture"). At first, I thought maybe an ice cream truck was coming to my rescue, but I rejected this idea rather quickly as I was far from any towns or cities, and ice cream trucks don't generally ride on Interstates. Then I looked in my rear view mirror and saw a bus RV heading my way. This was the RV of the couple with the dog I had met at the rest area a few minutes earlier. Apparently, they had speakers mounted on their rig (or attached to their horn) and they were serenading me with invigorating and very loud music. As they passed, the woman rolled down her window and waved her hands wildly out of the window. I waved back, of course. The music kept playing until they were out of my range of hearing. This gave me a tremendous boost of energy ... yet another story of HR2000 volunteers helping me cycle on for hunger relief!

IN RETROSPECT, the greatest challenge I faced in the cycling part of HR2000 was adverse wind conditions. One day in West Texas, as my level of discouragement increased as the strength of the headwind increased, I made a connection between the wind and concepts of tzedakah. Here's the journal entry:

> There's a sign in the RV office where we're staying that reads: "It doesn't always blow this hard in West Texas ... sometimes it blows harder." Over the past few months, I have studied the concept of tzedakah with one of my teachers, Rabbi Mars. We have studied the writings of Rebbe Nachman of Breslov, a Hasidic Rabbi (1772–1810). In teaching #17, Rebbe Nachman suggests that speech has an independent and holy existence and is made up of letters that are carved into the air. These letters hit one another until they hit the ear of the listener. When the air is restful, pure, and clear, speech can be heard from a great distance. When the air is

> moving or spread apart, as in a storm, it is hard for people to hear one another, and relationships are compromised. Tzedakah calms the air and acquires souls. The more you give tzedakah to more people, the more your soul is connected to another soul, and the air becomes peaceful and purity is increased. In the Zohar, it is stated that "Love is the connectedness (or clinging) of soul to soul." This occurs when the air is calm. Hatred, on the other hand, causes confusion of air and an inability to hear speech. Tzedakah creates a small area of peaceful, restful air. By giving tzedakah to more people, you acquire more friends and lovers, and your own wealth will increase. The more you do, the more you create stillness ... and pure air, and deep human connections where souls are connected to souls. I thought of this teaching several times today as the turbulent air threw me around. The notion that tzedakah calms the air and helps connect souls is a powerful one for me and is made especially salient as I fight through the West Texas winds.

AT SEVERAL POINTS IN THE BIKE RIDE, I waxed philosophical. My goal was to elevate a rather primitive physical task – riding my bike day in and day out – to a higher philosophical plane. I was committed to experiencing and learning about leadership, ethics, spirituality and social justice. In San Antonio, Texas, the midpoint in my trip, I made the following journal entry:

> In teaching #13, Reb Nachman argues that once we shatter our desire or lust for money (i.e., cool it down), we are able to draw down God's divine providence over life. At its root, divine providence is providing for others. Thus, the only way to have God in the world is to give tzedakah. In other words, you can't get it until you give it away. The paradox is that you lose or shatter your need for money by giving it away. In doing so, you will experience contentment. This teaching, and the one I cited earlier in the diary, point out the dialectical qualities of tzedakah (e.g., shattering and calming, elevating and bringing down). Along these lines, here's a short story from Noah ben Shea from his book, *Jacob the Baker: Gentle Wisdom for a Complicated World* (1989). Jacob is the village wise man and thus people ask him for advice. One person asked: "How can we have more, Jacob?" And Jacob answered: "The only way I can take a breath is by releasing my breath. In order to be more, I must be willing to be less." This concept of gaining something from vacancy or nothingness is a major tenet of Taoism. As I look down at my front wheel spinning, and think about how many rotations it will take to get across the country and wonder how many flats I will have, the wheel is a functional object. At this level, the wheels are simply an essential component to moving my bike forward. At a metaphysical level, my wheel has more meanings. When I think of my wheels in the context of nothingness, I remember a teaching from Lao Tzu that now holds even more relevance. Here's one of my favorite teachings from Lao Tzu in Chapter 11 of the *Tao Te Ching*:
>
> > *"Thirty spokes converge at a single hub:*
> > *It is the vacancy that makes the vehicle useful.*
> > *Mix clay to make a vessel:*
> > *It is the vacancy that makes the vessel useful.*
> > *Cut out doors and windows to make a room:*
> > *It is the vacancy that constitutes the usefulness of the room."*

HR2000 SUCCEEDED in offering a vision around which other people channeled their time, energy, and passion for social change. College students around the country took on the cause of hunger relief, illustrating to me that the spark of HR2000 could in fact ignite larger-scale action. The following e-mail I received from students at the University of California/San Diego (UCSD) is reflective of this point:

> I just wanted to let you know that things are going great here in San Diego. The students are having an amazing time on the bikes, and they are raising a lot of money towards David's cause. I only wish you all could see it! I came onto campus at 7am and the president of AEPi [Alpha Epsilon Pi] was on a bike with a sleeping bag wrapped around him to keep warm. The fraternity was able to receive a donation of tents, sleeping mats, and sleeping bags from Outdoor Adventure, thus they slept outside for two nights to support each other. On Friday at 5 pm the guys gathered around each other as one of the brothers finished up the 56-hour bike-a-thon! In the end over $2,600 was raised to help David start an endowment to MAZON. As an outcome of this event, the brothers of Alpha Epsilon Pi have found a philanthropy they want to adopt from here on out. With Hillel's support they hope to build this into the largest philanthropy on campus at UCSD. Equally important in this equation are the results that happen when a group of people organize for a cause. Hunger-relief was able to rally the guys of AEPi together and educate themselves and the rest of the campus about the need for relief.

THROUGHOUT THE BIKE RIDE, I was continually reminded that Good Samaritans lived throughout the country. Time and again, strangers reached out to support HR2000, even when their finances were such that cash donations were not possible. This journal entry was written from Brenham, Texas:

> When we checked into the RV park last night, I spoke to the owner about biking cross-country but didn't mention anything about hunger. After I paid him the $15 for the night, he walked me back out to the RV. Seeing the HR2000 logo, he scolded me for not mentioning that I was doing a ride for hunger relief. Later that night, he brought me a check for $15 made out to hunger relief. He then told me that despite the fact that he "ain't got no money," he wanted to help. He then gave me 30 of his business cards with a handwritten note on the back of each one saying, "Hunger Relief 2000. One night free." This donation amounted to over $400. He suggested that I sell these cards or offer them to an RV club in exchange for a donation.

MANY LEADERSHIP LESSONS EMERGED as I studied the hunger problem and my obligation to fight hunger as a human, as an American, and as a Jew. In Leviticus 19:9–10, for example, we read: "When you reap the harvest of your land, you shall not reap your field to its very border, neither shall you gather the gleanings after your harvest. And you shall not strip your vineyard bare, neither shall you gather the fallen grapes of your vineyard: you shall leave them for the poor and for the stranger." Beyond the importance of sharing our abundance, we are taught that our obligation to feed the hungry should not impose barriers for the hungry nor should we offer the hungry our scraps of food. For example, in Midrash Torah 6:6, we read: "If a stranger comes and says, 'I am hungry. Please give me food,' we are not allowed to check to see if he is honest or not, we must immediately give him food." And in Hilchot Issurei Mizbayach 7:11, we read: "When you give food to a hungry person, give him your best and sweetest food." Maintaining and building up the dignity of all people is a core value that leaders sometimes forget.

BEFORE THE 2000 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, many people believed that their individual vote did not matter very much. When the election was decided by only a few hundred votes in several states, the notion of individual votes not making a difference was discredited. Likewise, individuals can make a difference in fighting a big problem such as hunger. In the Talmud, we are told that saving the life of one person is as if you have saved the entire world. In any one individual's lifetime, there are numerous opportunities to save the physical, mental, and spiritual life of another human. In doing so, we are given the opportunity to save the entire world. Ancient texts instruct us that selfishness can destroy the world. In retrospect, HR2000 set out to counter the perception that Americans disregard the sanctity of human life by not taking care of hungry people.

ON MARCH 24, 2000, after cycling 3,000 miles, talking to more than 10,000 people, and raising over $350,000 for hunger relief, HR2000 ended with a community celebration in my hometown of Greensboro, North Carolina. Here's my final journal entry:

> The bike ride is completed, but hunger remains. I'm certain that the thousands of people with whom I interacted over the past two months, MAZON, and other hunger relief organizations, will continue to figure out innovative ways to fight hunger. I plan to be by their sides, fighting the fight. Hunger in the land of plenty is a scandal that can only be resolved with our time, our money, and our good ideas. HR2000 has taught me that there are many people in this great country willing to get out of their comfort zone to help others. If we work together in making our big dreams today memories in our future, there's no question that we can improve the human condition.

A WELL-KNOWN STORY IN THE TALMUD encapsulates the role that individual leaders can play in influencing the long-term condition of society. In ancient times, the story goes, a very old man was planting a fig tree in a field. Another man rode by on his horse, and asked, laughing cynically, "Why are you wasting your time planting fig trees? You'll be dead long before the trees bear any fruit." The old man quietly thought about the question and then replied, "As my ancestors planted for me, so do I plant for future generations."

HR2000 WAS ALL ABOUT PLANTING SEEDS so that children alive today, and their children and grandchildren, don't have to face the horror of hunger. The lesson of the old man who planted fig trees not for his own benefit, but for future generations, reflects values that all leaders should keep front and center as they strive to improve the human condition through acts of righteousness and justice.

A Group XVI Kellogg fellow, David Altman lives in Greensboro, North Carolina. David holds a doctorate in social ecology from the University of California, Irvine. He also completed a postdoctoral fellowship at the Stanford University School of Medicine. Currently, he is a professor in the departments of Public Health Sciences and Pediatrics at The Wake Forest University School of Medicine in Winston/Salem.

__Paul Terry__ writes about his experiences as a white American researcher and about the leadership lessons he needed to learn. Summarizing his work in community, Paul quotes a Zimbabwean expression: " 'At the end of the day,' leadership is recognizing how people so different are really so alike." He clearly sees the interdependence with community and evaluates systems thinking, observing that systems thinking may have prevented the full implementation of his project focusing on AIDS. However, his flexibility as a leader allowed him to pursue other community projects, particularly education. Paul's sensitivity to the cultural context of leadership also provides the reader with a wonderful insight into learning about leadership in different settings and being open to the process. His experiences both as a Kellogg fellow and a Fulbright scholar led Paul to Zimbabwe. The result is a powerful story of a personal journey from Minnesota to Africa that covers a greater distance than the miles between the two.

LEADING THROUGH CONFLICT

The Interconnectedness of AIDS and Land Conflict in Zimbabwe

By Paul Terry

DUSK DROPPED LIKE A THIN GRAY COVER over the crimson palette beyond the Zambezi. Anna's birthday s'mores would be the denouement of her most memorable birthday – or so we thought until a Cape buffalo snorted a warning. We had encountered one of these nineteen-hundred-pound beasts earlier in the day in the Mana Pools game park. Our guide had advised us of the buffalo's unpredictability and illustrated his point with a gruesome story of a death by goring he had witnessed. My wife and son immediately retreated from our riverside campfire to the safety of our chalet. Anna, 17 and invulnerable, said, "I'm not leaving. It's my birthday and I'm finishing my s'mores." I gauged our distance to the chalet to be 30 feet, compared to the buffalo's distance of 50 feet. This wasn't a standoff; it was African roulette. What were the chances this would be the night that foolhardy Americans would make the news?

ANNA AND I ENDURED an hour-long minute of frozen stares. The buffalo's eyes showed stern disbelief; ours, nervous fascination. The next sound was the buffalo's guttural grunt and an explosive blowing through his nose. Eyes locked on us, he charged. Five seconds later, Anna was in the chalet and I stood at the door. The buffalo had stopped near our fire. A pale glow reddened shiny black horns and illuminated dull, fuming eyes. He looked from the fire to the chalet, wheezing and snorting, incensed but unsure what to do.

Servant Leadership

AS A FULBRIGHT SCHOLAR lecturing at the University of Zimbabwe and researching HIV prevention practices, I have been humbled by how much I need to learn and how unstinting Africa is as a teacher. That we have been out of our element in Africa is only modestly illustrated by our dense flirtation with big game. My leadership forays have been as unpredictable, my naiveté almost as hazardous. Just as the Zambezi valley is a treacherous suitor, the need for change in Zimbabwe presents an alluring terrain for leaders. The personally transforming insight I gained as a Kellogg fellow was that the leaders I found most inimitable were servants. It is an insight that has been tested time and again as I've tried to be of service to Africa. Peaceful communion with thousands can be dashed by the few who feel you don't belong; projects grounded in humanitarianism can be quickly usurped by politics. Just as it is when a visitor is in the path of a Cape buffalo, a rapid change of plans may be the only choice for even the most unassuming leader.

IN DATING, THEY SAY OPPOSITES ATTRACT. Maybe that's what brought a white Minnesotan to Africa in the first place, sort of like Garrison Keillor asking Whoopi Goldberg out to dinner and a movie. But during my year here, I've as often found that opposites spring apart like magnets with opposing fields. It's surprising at first to watch the spring of resistance; later it's tiresome; in the end, who knows? For now, my story is told as a witness to polarity. I relate my experience as one searching for the point where people and projects come together even when their history and skin color pull them apart.

THE ACTORS IN THIS STORY are white and black Zimbabwean leaders, or as those inured to conflict call them, the Rhodesians and the Shona. They are playing out a centuries-old plot of racial wrath that was dramatically upstaged by their parents when Zimbabwe won her independence from the British in 1980. Twenty years later, land reallocation is a looming Cimmerian backdrop to national politics and race relations. On such contested rural land reside the projects where I do my research. One project, dedicated to the prevention, treatment, and care of HIV/AIDS, was founded by Mrs. Philippa "Pepper" Henderson, a compassionate white Zimbabwean teacher and a "commercial farmer's wife." I joined her group as a consultant interested in standardizing the community's behavioral risk measures and documenting the health status of AIDS orphans in her center. Then the buffalo arrived. In the same week that Pepper was hosting donors for a daycare program for AIDS orphans that she sponsors, "war veterans" were threatening her.

Fight or Flight?

THE OFTEN-CITED CONCERN IN ZIMBABWE is that whites make up 1 percent of the nation's 12 million population but still own 70 percent of the best arable land. In this year's elections, President Mugabe is alleged to have paid his "veterans" – many who look to have been neonates during the war – to invade white farms. It is land that was likely expropriated by British colonialists, and taking it back is Mugabe's strategy for recovering from his plummeting popularity, a method that has left more than 30 dead and thousands homeless. This is in spite of the fact that most farmers are generations removed from the historical invaders. Most whites have since purchased the land; many have bought it from the government.

PEPPER WORRIES, as do all white farmers, that her land may be next on the list for seizure. One of her program's managers, a young Shona man named Michael Mafudso, has regularly canceled our visits to the farms where peer-led AIDS education occurs. Even though Pepper's program has a board of directors composed of rural blacks, working with a project funded largely by whites may be putting Michael in harm's way. My challenge was trying to determine if my presence exacerbated the problem. In his voluminous book, *Africa: A Biography of the Continent,* John Reader writes: "Viewed with hindsight, the paternalist conceit of the colonial authorities is breathtaking. Africa was looked upon as the neglected child of the modern world, who must be nurtured and 'civilized' as a child is reared to adulthood. And the men (always men) performing this task were the product of an educational system supremely suited for the job."

SOME CONSIDER THE PRESENCE OF "EXPERTS" like me to be a form of neocolonialism. Though not on a mission to convert pagans or acquire land, I'm an outsider bent on preventing growth of an epidemic that is steeped in culture and is as intractable as tradition. Like sitting in a buffalo's path, trying to practice public health in a zone marked by political violence demands conceit. And like the byproduct of the original colonists, those I presume to serve – the public and my colleagues who will remain here, like Pepper and Michael – are the most at risk, and potentially more so when I show up.

NEVERTHELESS, AS A WHITE AMERICAN RESEARCHER, I sense I gain easier access to black leaders than do their fellow blacks. Zimbabwe gives the impression that one hand is open to foreign aid while the other is clenched in a fist of defiance of international opinion. But the flames of racism are being fanned primarily from inside the office of the president and outside the gates of private farms.

WHEN I FIRST WORKED WITH PEPPER she said, "I was born here, my parents were born here, we are Zimbabwean." It is a reflexive white Zimbabwean introduction I've heard often but one that my Shona colleagues tell me they've never heard. Though Pepper's work is focused on preventing AIDS, the disease that is ravaging Shona society, many Shona simply consider her a colonist. Like my daughter's blustery reaction to the buffalo, Pepper maintains that this is her birthplace and she's not going to move. I, on the other hand, elected to concentrate my efforts elsewhere. Pepper's group now serves as a fiscal agent for a university-based HIV prevention group I cofounded. What had started as a promising collaboration with Pepper and her group devolved into a formal but distant affiliation. Those I thought I would serve are selflessly offering service to me.

African Traditional Thought versus Western Thought

AFRICAN PHILOSOPHER KWASI WIREDU has argued that westerners, liberals in particular, struggle to view the nonscientific aspects of African thought as something other than intellectual inferiority. Wiredu writes: "There is an urgent need in Africa today for the kind of analysis that would identify and separate the backward aspects of our culture – I speak as an anxious African – from those aspects that are worth keeping." I think the most perplexing intellectual challenge for leaders in Africa is the same as that of leaders in America. It's another lesson I took home from my studies as a Kellogg fellow: that there is an interdependent but often neglected dynamic among community sectors. Today, it's best described as systems thinking. That is, improved education systems depend on equitable housing development, which relates to criminal justice, which relates to employment, which depends on education, and so on.

THIS LESSON OF INTERDEPENDENCE is being driven home to me as I research AIDS in Africa. I've learned it was naïve to come here to "work on AIDS" as if I could shed new light on an issue lying under the omnipresent clouds of poverty, culturally accepted male dominance, and land conflict. An epidemic of this magnitude will not acquiesce to another program about HIV risk factors or condom use. The mere logistics of access to teach farmworkers cannot be discussed without considering the prospect of losing ground, literally and figuratively, later on. Cultural norms, land-use politics, and gender inequities mingle with AIDS prevention the way animals react to tourists in the wild: unpredictably, and sometimes harshly.

AIDS PREVENTION PROGRAMS ATTRACT LEADERS with concern for the young and a vision of hope for the future. If anything good can come of the AIDS crisis, it is the lesson that it's teaching this country's leaders about the imperative of prevention. AIDS experts, black and white, have admitted to me that Zimbabwe is suffering from the mistakes of her past. Among the plethora of reasons Zimbabwe leads the world in HIV infection is a reticence about the idea that it is caused by sex. Many believe the real cause to be the spirits of ancestors casting their anger at their descendants. The ancestral spirits are angry about weak morals, about poor leadership, and about the loss of their land. Reducing the spread of disease may well depend on changing individual beliefs along with giving ancestors less to be angry about. As Wiredu writes: "The ideal way to reform backward customs in Africa must, surely, be to undermine their superstitious belief by fostering in the people the spirit of rational inquiry in all spheres of thought and belief." Accordingly, just as I've made the rounds to visit with epidemiologists and public health educators, I've also met with priests, herbalists, witchdoctors, anthropologists, artists, and politicians.

AS I'VE WORKED WITH UNIVERSITY STUDENT VOLUNTEERS preparing to serve as mentors for youth, we've debated about which HIV prevention messages aren't getting through in Zimbabwe. I've been impressed with the systems thinking of these student leaders. It's no longer just about condom use or abstinence; the problem is institutionalized and cultural. What needs discussing, they say, are issues of male dominance, empowerment of women, rethinking Lobola (the bride price), gender equity in the workplace, and exposure of "sugar daddies," older men who entice girls with their cars, cell phones, and cash. Since these are student leaders, it's especially disconcerting to hear the sexist comments that arise in such debates. Though I may consider it "backward thinking," my disappointment is entirely offset by my sense that I'm privy to what Wiredu would agree is a true "spirit of rational inquiry."

Adapting and Following

SYSTEMS THINKING is only partly about thinking. Changing the social systems will be as challenging as changing African thought. HIV thrives under the conditions that colonization wrought, from the low cost of Chibuku (the traditional beer) to Victorian attitudes toward women and sexuality. For example, it's been argued that the Ian Smith regime, the last of British rule, intentionally kept the cost of beer low to placate the laborers needed for agribusiness. One cross-sectional study of risk factors for sexually transmitted disease (STD) amongst men in Harare, Zimbabwe, found that men with STD were seven times more likely to be alcohol drinkers than those without STD. Similarly, agriculture and industry has resulted in millions of men being displaced from their rural families to seek urban-based employment. Such transient living is part of the system that gives rise to prostitution and the taking of "second wives," both of which have fueled the epidemic. Call it restitution, enlightened self-interest, or the last gasp for survival – whatever your take – white commercial farmers, particularly via their farm union, are deeply involved in HIV prevention and AIDS care. Though I initially thought I'd keep my oar in the water with the farmers and AIDS orphans, I've ended up further upstream.

A CIRCUITOUS ROUTE has taken me from plans to work in the rural areas to serving as acting chair and consultant to the aforementioned university-based nongovernment organization. As I worked to mobilize university student volunteers to serve as mentors and peer educators in orphan programs and underserved rural schools, it became clear that the university had considerable prevention services needs of its own. With the risk of HIV being highest in the college-age group, I was struck by the dual benefit of using college kids to work as community volunteers. Training college kids as peer educators would heighten their commitment to evaluating their own attitudes about sexuality. In turn, college-aged kids are the ideal role models for secondary school kids – mentors who can talk about issues that schoolteachers lack credibility discussing.

THOUGH I CAME TO AFRICA with an intention to work on HIV measurement issues, having remained open to being used where I'm needed has reminded me that leaders often need to be followers. While "war veterans" were hampering my efforts at leadership in the townships, student leaders at the university were adroitly drawing me into the cocreation of a new organization. This is a time in which the average University of Zimbabwe graduate is either unemployed or woefully underemployed. Recruiting young people to work on the most monumental problem in Africa took no convincing. Meaningful work offers hope and resiliency against infection as surely as ignorance and apathy breed risk-taking.

"At the End of the Day"

NOT SINCE THE 1890s, when a drought combined with the Rinderpest plague to kill millions of cattle and people, has there been a scourge of such ineffable proportions. Out of such horror I've found constant reminders of the grace and munificence of human spirits. When I recently visited a Catholic nun named Angela Mutyambizi, "Sister Mercy," I was once again humbled by a personality that can draw strength from pain. Six years ago, Sister had several street kids attach themselves to her because "they thought I was kind." Most of the kids she sheltered in those first years were abused; today all "her kids" are AIDS orphans. She happily consented to have our university-based mentors meet with her kids.

SISTER MERCY'S ORPHANAGE now serves 90 kids ranging from infants to young adults. The name of her orphanage, Sunga Dze Vana Trust, means "passionate concern." She locked the gates behind us as I entered her nondenominational orphan care center. She's standing off against wild game of her own. The government's Central Intelligence Organization (CIO) has been threatening her life. She's accused of giving kids financial support so that they can vote against the ruling party, and she believes the brutal death of a young man she had helped through high school was politically motivated. Sister regularly gets threatening phone calls. Yesterday the CIO was at her gate, but her housekeepers said she was away.

Sister Mercy, a black Zimbabwean of the Manyika tribe, regretted she had to stay in hiding that day. She wanted to attend the grand opening of Pepper Henderson's new daycare center for orphans.

THE COMMITMENT TO STOP THE SPREAD OF AIDS brings people together while their color and history pushes them apart. The leadership lessons I've learned come from those who show me that service to others can transcend historical grievances. The inimitable leaders are those who turn the page and envision new endings, people who turn opposing characters into everyday heroes. I'm learning this lesson from people whom most would assume, on first glance, to be on opposite sides. To use a Zimbabwean expression, "at the end of the day" leadership is recognizing how people so different are really so alike.

Paul Terry, a Group XV fellow, is the vice president of education at the Park Nicollet Institute in Minnesota. He recently completed a book about HIV/AIDS in Zimbabwe and cofounded SHAPE Zimbabwe, a nonprofit organization dedicated to HIV prevention. Paul is the author of more than 50 publications and communications pieces for health professionals and consumers, and coauthor of four books.

Edward J. O'Neil Jr. *shares his personal leadership journey in "Toward Ethical Leadership: My Journey from Tanzania to Belize." As a physician, gifted musician, and writer, Ed discovered the very best of the human spirit represented by servant leadership through his medical work and his personal commitment to others. Identifying Albert Schweitzer and Tom Dooley as inspirations in his work, he asks the very important leadership question of "why" throughout his essay. In both his personal and professional life, he makes the important leadership connections of deep respect for each individual, understanding diversity, the importance of effective mentoring, and ethical leadership. Finding balance between work and life means discovering the integration of faith and work, or in the words of another Kellogg fellow, "finding congruency." Ed shares his love of Albert Schweitzer's philosophy of "Reverence for Life" and indicates this as the model for his own quest for ethical leadership. His words speak eloquently about his vision when he writes, "My work in Africa and Belize has taught me much about the collective spirit of man. Our cultural and individual differences are dwarfed by our common humanity." Along the way, Ed learned to test himself by asking, "Am I on the right path?" and "Is my direction true?" Readers will also find themselves questioning their paths as they follow the leadership journey of this author from Boston to Africa to Belize.*

TOWARD ETHICAL LEADERSHIP

My Journey from Tanzania to Belize

By Edward J. O'Neil Jr.

Beginnings

IN 1987, when I was a fourth-year medical student, the people of a poor community in rural Tanzania forever changed my life. I lived with and treated these people, who were overwhelmed by poverty. They suffered needlessly and often died of illnesses I could have treated – even as a medical student – with just a few dollars' worth of antibiotics. I felt both frustration and outrage that these good people had so few options for their health care. How could so many young people still die of common infectious diseases at the end of the 20th century? The experience tripped an unseen switch deep within me, one that would alter my path. I shared a commonality with these people, whom I had long seen as "other." These were good people, people who loved each other and cared for each other as none I had seen before. For many of them, all they had was each other, so they treated their loved ones as life's most precious commodities. My ideals of Christian charity had compelled me to give to them. Ironically, it was they who gave to me, far more than I could ever have given them in return.

IMAGES OF THESE ADMIRABLE PEOPLE stayed with me long after my brief stay ended, and I wanted to return. While I couldn't change their lot, at least I could do my share. After four years of residency and two and one-half years of paying down my school loans, I returned to Kenya, East Africa, for three months in the winter of 1994. I ran a medical ward in Nazareth Hospital, on the outskirts of Nairobi, and again found the value in service. Again, I met people living in abject poverty who shared what little they had with me. Again, I found a connection to the ethical tenets of my profession. Again, I lived in a poor community, surrounded by good people who warranted a better fate. The questions multiplied. Why were these people so poor? Why weren't there more doctors here from the United States? How is it that I had been so shielded from this world since I had last been here? Why wasn't there more outrage?

DURING MY LAST WEEK OF SERVICE in Kenya, I learned that I had been accepted as a Kellogg fellow. The timing was perfect. I now had the opportunity to broaden my thinking and gain skills necessary to effect change on a larger scale. Like Tanzania before it, the Kellogg fellowship became one of the most important experiences of my life. The fellowship validated my passion and catalyzed a directional change in my life. I have gradually made the transition from a full-time practice as an emergency physician to a near full-time role directing a nonprofit organization. Free to pursue my own way, I obtained the experiences, contacts, and skills needed to take my nascent ideas to new levels.

AS A FELLOW, I began to collect information on organizations that send medical volunteers to developing countries. I reasoned that if I could make it easier for health providers to find their way to service, more people like those I had cared for in Tanzania and Kenya would receive help. I began to write a "how to" manual on international health service. I started collecting data on organizations that send medical volunteers to poor countries. With the help of several students and volunteers, we now have complete data on over 130 organizations. I wrote chapters with practical guidelines, and motivational chapters on Dr. Tom Dooley and Dr. Albert Schweitzer. When complete in late 2001, this text should catalyze many providers to serve where most needed.

Belize

DURING THE LAST YEAR of my Kellogg fellowship, Richard Bridges, a local Rotarian, asked me to help his group. The Rotary Club of Hingham, Massachusetts, had developed an impressive record of bringing used medical equipment from the U.S. to Belize, in Central America. I agreed to serve as a physician advisor to their program.

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1997, I traveled to Belize with several Rotarians. While we toured the country, I asked doctors everywhere how we could best help them. Their needs were – and remain – extensive, but one request surfaced time and again: education. Many had not had any additional training since medical school. Continuing Medical Education (CME) requirements, which are standard for all U.S. physicians, were unheard of in Belize. Through education, we could help them help themselves. If health providers in the government-run hospitals could improve their standard of care, the poor throughout the country would benefit.

OVER THE NEXT 15 MONTHS, I returned to Belize four times and sent Jim Eadie, a Harvard medical student, twice. Throughout the country, we interviewed physicians, nurses, government officials, Rotarians, and anyone else who was interested. Over time, we developed a trusting relationship with many Belizeans. By January 1999, we had finished the groundwork for the Belize Cooperative Health Education Program. The model included volunteer preparation beforehand, extensive teaching, cultural immersion, host-family stays, and the opportunities for real exchange. Dr. John O'Brien, a radiologist from Washington state, became the first physician volunteer and traveled the country teaching in four hospitals. The program worked and participants requested return visits.

OVER THE FIRST TWO YEARS OF THE OMNI MED PROGRAM, we have sent 10 physicians to Belize. Every physician has expressed an interest in returning. One visiting physician donated over $250,000 worth of arthroscopic equipment (used for surgeries in joints, such as knees) and trained the Belizean doctors and nurses to use it. Another physician is changing the way providers throughout the country treat asthma. A third physician trained providers on basic management of heart attacks, and left protocols that providers now use routinely. The most recent visiting physician assisted staff during Hurricane Keith and initiated laparoscopic surgery (surgery conducted through tubes passed through tiny incisions in the skin) in Belize. He is currently soliciting equipment donations and plans to return soon to continue his teaching.

THE HEALTH PROVIDERS IN BELIZE have embraced the program. One physician from Monkey River in the south of Belize travels by bus and hitchhikes the rest of the way every time a new Omni Med physician arrives. It takes him a full day to commute each way. He is the sole practitioner for a community of over 4,000 people. As his skills improve, so will the health of his patients.

RECENTLY, THE PRIME MINISTER OF BELIZE endorsed our program and committed funding for the foreseeable future. Boston University School of Medicine recently approved Omni Med to administer continuing medical education credits to the physicians of Belize. This is a first for the country. In addition to the obvious benefit of enhancing the clinical skills of the participants, something unforeseen has happened – the physicians in some of the rural areas of Belize now see themselves as part of a professional community. Dr. Peter Allen runs the southern regional district in Belize. He said, "These doctors now come to these talks and talk to each other. They discuss cases, medical issues, and have finally started to see each other as resources and colleagues. This program has taught us all a lot, there's no question about that. But its greatest gift has been creating a community among the health providers in Belize. I can't begin to tell you how important that is."

Lessons Learned

THROUGH MY EXPERIENCES IN AFRICA, the Kellogg fellowship, and Omni Med, I have learned some valuable lessons about leadership. I share them now with humility, as someone still finding his way. The fellowship introduced me to the concept of leadership as a potentially learned entity. As such, I have intentionally developed my own leadership skills. I have taken courses and seminars on the media; speed-reading; computer skills; public speaking; servant, transformational, and ethical leadership; meditation; conflict resolution; and grant writing. I have created time necessary for self-study and self-awareness, recurrently asking, "Am I on the right path?" and "Is my direction true?" I have learned to match my personal strengths with the areas I feel most passionately about. And I try to give the proper time and energy to the relationships around me. Kellogg fellow and mentor Jim Yong Kim says something I know to be true: "Leadership is all about relationships."

IN MY STUDY OF AND EXPERIENCE IN LEADERSHIP, I have found a few areas that stand out in their importance: understanding diversity, developing spirituality, finding mentors, finding sources of inspiration, and developing a form of "ethical leadership."

Diversity: The Kellogg fellowship offered a reasonably safe space in which to explore issues of diversity, mostly in the realm of race. This proved to be some of the most difficult but important learning I did during my fellowship. Through many conversations, experiences, and reading, I came to better understand this life experience for those whose looks and beliefs differ from mine. This knowledge has become invaluable to me while directing a program across lines of race, culture, and nationality. I now think that any modern leader must invest the time and energy necessary to understand the complexity of diversity, or expect to hit landmines.

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR. once said that the race problem in the United States will be solved only to the extent that each individual feels personally confronted by it. Like many in the United States, I had never really felt "personally confronted by it." That changed during my Kellogg fellowship. Several African-American fellows and advisers openly discussed their life experiences and perspectives. I had never heard personal testimony like that before. In one seminar, a diverse group of fellows probed the black-white racial tensions in the nation. We took a bus trip through the Deep South, tracing the history of the U.S. civil rights movement. From some of the most emotionally-charged discussions I've ever been in, I gained just a little insight into some of our painful racial history, and how it has affected so many people of color.

STEPHEN COVEY PUT IT BEST: "Seek first to understand." I still have much to learn about diversity. However, I now better understand what Reverend Eugene Rivers has termed "justifiable anger," and have acquired some of the skills needed to continue a dialogue across lines of race, faith, and gender. There will always be volatility, transference, and pain in real discussions of diversity. But I have seen genuine understanding and progress. As one Kellogg fellow, Deedee Royals, has said many times, "We need to seek not common ground, but higher ground."

Spirituality: I was raised Catholic, though for many years I did not actively participate in my faith. During my fellowship, however, I met many people, including fellows, advisers, and various leaders, who had done extraordinary things in their lives. Time and again, I noticed that most of these people actively cultivated an inner spiritual life. It became obvious to me that this was far from coincidental. These people had found a way to integrate faith with work, in what minister Julie Cowie, another Kellogg fellow, would call "congruency." Collectively, they inspired me to re-examine my own thoughts on spirituality. I began to attend our weekly (Catholic) mass and saw something I had previously missed: a resonance between my faith and my own ideals of service. Perhaps there had been larger forces at work when I had felt such strong emotions in Tanzania.

IN THE LAST YEAR OF MY FELLOWSHIP, I interviewed Kent Amos, an impressive man who had spoken to our fellowship group during a seminar in Miami. He had been a successful Xerox executive and then retired while still young to combat urban blight in Washington, D.C. Taking a fraction of his former salary, he and his wife adopted over 75 troubled D.C. teenagers and helped to transform a problematic housing project. I asked him why he saw the problems of the world and acted while others did not. His one-word reply was "Faith."

RECENTLY, I FOUND MORE COMPELLING TESTIMONY on the connection between faith and service. I wrote book chapters about Albert Schweitzer and Tom Dooley, both doctors who served in poor countries, and found the depth of religious conviction each held. In them I found role models whose lives of service grew out of their faith. Both spoke eloquently of the spiritual basis for their work and conveyed their message to millions. I now see these icons as beacons for my colleagues in the medical profession. Among the many these two men inspired were two physicians I worked with in Kenya and Tanzania, one a priest, the other a nun. These physicians had also impressed me with their passion for service, their years of personal sacrifice in tough locales in Africa, and their deep, sustaining faith.

THERE IS A REASON WHY these people who have done such extraordinary things in their lives have also shared religious conviction. Their values have come directly from their religious beliefs, and their actions have followed their values. It is for me now an inescapable conclusion that there is something inherently Divine within each of us, and, as leadership scholar Bill Grace has said, "The Divine wishes to be known." It is therefore left to each of us to bring that part of ourselves forward, and follow its lead. For me, that has meant a re-emergence of an active faith, and a true "congruency" with my work at Omni Med.

Mentors, Inspiration, and Ethical Leadership: Omni Med might not have happened without the people who have advised and inspired me, ultimately leading me to a style of leadership best termed "ethical." Jim Yong Kim directs an organization that does medical work with partner organizations in Haiti, Peru, and Chiapas. Jim has become a mentor to me, introducing me to influential ideas, and modeling ethical leadership himself. Roger Sublett has been a mentor, a supporter, and a friend without whom Omni Med would not exist. My wife, Judy, is my confidante and a source of strength, always willing to listen and advise. Many others have helped create the support structure for Omni Med. As a leader, I am far more effective because of mentors. I can't imagine running an organization without them.

WHILE CHARTING MY COURSE, I have looked to the examples of others as sources of inspiration. In my travels through the fellowship, I met many impressive leaders: block leaders in Detroit, tribal leaders in the rain forest of Brazil, community development leaders in Little Havana, Miami. In each of these leaders, I found inspiration. These were people who acted on their passion, despite great obstacles and personal hardship. Meeting these people strengthened my faith in service. I now recognize a network of people throughout the world, confronting different social problems, but acting out of similar passion. I think this passion was the "magic" that so many of us felt about our Kellogg fellowship experiences.

LIKE MANY LEADERS, I have found difficult times during which my efforts have seemed futile. In those times, I look to one particular source of inspiration. During the hot summer months last year, I read and reread Albert Schweitzer's *Philosophy of Civilization,* finishing my own book chapter on his concept of "Reverence for Life" in the fall. In so doing, I grew closer to my greatest source of inspiration. In Schweitzer I have found a kindred spirit whom I willingly follow. He is there for me when I need a reason to continue. I met his daughter Rhena the day after my son was born in October 1999. Rhena and I now talk regularly on the phone, and she supports Omni Med's work as complementary to the legacy of her father.

ALBERT SCHWEITZER was a gifted musician, theologian, and philosopher who rose to youthful prominence in Europe in the late 1800s. Heeding an "ethical imperative" to serve, he gave up promising careers in three disciplines to become a physician and then establish a hospital in the jungle of modern-day Gabon, West Africa. He subsequently served there for more than 50 years, garnering the 1952 Nobel Peace Prize while establishing a legacy of service that has since inspired millions. "My life is my argument," he said. While in Gabon, he developed a philosophy called Reverence for Life. In it, he recognized a "will to live" in himself and in all of the abundant life in the jungle around him. This will to live, he said, is the basic driving force in life. Because of this shared will, we are all connected, so we have an ethical imperative to care for all of the life around us, including the human life not in our traditional realm of concern. More than his hospital or his books, Schweitzer hoped that the ideal of Reverence for Life would survive him.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE has reinforced my own thoughts on service and can be a vehicle to morally challenge the medical community. Most health providers know little about Schweitzer or the ethic that compelled him. Through the book, I hope to reach many providers and convey Schweitzer's call to service. In Schweitzer, I find someone who has traveled this road before. In him, I find an ethical leader who left a great gift to us all in the example of his life. He said, "In influencing others, example isn't the main thing, it is the only thing."

REFLECTING ON LEADERSHIP in the light of Schweitzer's words, it seems that ethics form the unseen foundation of leadership. Bill Grace, the founder of the Center for Ethical Leadership, describes ethical leadership as follows: "Ethical leadership is akin to transformational leadership because of its goal to promote justice and the common good, and to transforming leadership in its commitment to raising the essential moral nature of leadership ... Ethical leadership enhances an individual's inward journey towards wholeness and integrity, while it advances the common good through effective public action."[1]

FOR ME, the value in understanding ethical leadership comes through its applicability. Ethical leaders like Christ, Lincoln, Schweitzer, and King accomplished great social change by pursuing a higher ideal, rooted in faith. Each was able to articulate that which is inherent in each of us. When I read their words, I am inspired. I see a better world, one that I can help to create. When I see the examples left by these great leaders, I have something toward which I can aspire. I can strive to do more. I can follow a higher path. My own small sacrifices will not have been made in vain.

UNDERSTANDING LEADERSHIP has helped me clarify my role and my direction as a leader. As a truly "ethical" leader, I have made a solid and permanent connection between my principles and action. The action itself serves as a means through which I can replenish my "well," or spiritual core. With a moral compass, I have a clear vision of the future for Omni Med and for me as its leader. In the coming years, I will share that vision with others and help them transform a small part of our world.

MY WORK IN AFRICA AND BELIZE has taught me much about the collective spirit of man. Our cultural and individual differences are dwarfed by our common humanity. We hold similar interests: hope for our children, for life without disease or hunger. Omni Med is helping physicians in one small Central American country take better care of the poor they serve. We will soon do the same in at least one African country. In time, the book will be done, our programs will expand, and Omni Med will help many more physicians reach those who need them most.

A Group XIV fellow, Ed O'Neil practices emergency medicine at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Boston. An assistant professor of emergency medicine at Tufts University School of Medicine, he is board certified in both internal medicine and emergency medicine. After service experiences in Tanzania and Kenya, Ed founded and now runs Omni Med, a nonprofit organization that sends physicians to poor countries to teach. As of May 2001, 15 physicians have gone through the two-week teaching immersion in Central America. Omni Med will begin a Kenyan program late in 2001. Ed is also writing a "how to" manual on international health service that includes questionnaire data on hundreds of organizations. Publication is planned for 2002.

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__Jenna Berg__ tells her story of teaching in southern Mexico, where she worked with Mayan families and communities in Chiapas. Finding herself there when the Zapatista Revolution surfaced in 1994, she worked to teach others about farming, organic gardening, composting, life, and leadership. Her story is an example of community service and leadership that took her well beyond the formal roles of community teacher. She became immersed in the lives of the women of the community, wanting to experience their lives more completely in an effort to build trusting relationships. She soon realized that as an educated woman from another world, she would never really know what it means "to live at the edge of life as they do, with poverty and sickness lurking just outside their door, with the need to trust completely in the power of prayer and the forces of nature to breathe life into a sick child." The connection the author does make, however, "is the knowledge of the fragility of human life, of a mother caring for a newborn child, and what that means in the context of poverty and war." Her work with women in the small community may result in children having better opportunities to survive under difficult circumstances. Facing the birth of her own child, Jenna returned to the United States, where she laments, "I have chosen to flee from the risks of poverty and war, to follow my head to safety, while my heart lies trapped between two worlds." She gave birth to a healthy baby boy on June 13, 1995. As a leader, she now clearly understands that leadership is never easy and leaders are often faced with difficult choices.

AMONG ANGELS AND SOLDIERS

By Jenna Berg

I AM SITTING on a small wooden chair in a dark room, filling up on the smell of wood fire and the sound of clapping tortilla hands, the damp earth cooling my bare toes, when Rosalia asks, "*¿Cuántos años tienes?*" "How old are you?"

"TENGO TREINTA-Y-CINCO AÑOS" I say, as I peer out her front door, the only source of light in the small, dark, one-room house. "I am thirty-five years old." The orange glow of the fading day soothes the soft grass as it rolls from their front door up the hill and into the sky. A herd of sheep seems to hover at the top of the hill, between earth and sky.

"AND YOU HAVE NO CHILDREN? What is your secret?" Rosalia, a robust woman in her late thirties, is the only woman catechist in this small Mayan village. Her father sent her off to learn to be a catechist when she was just 14 years old. However, it is still only the men who speak these days in the church.

I am surprised. My secret? There is envy in her voice. I reply, "We use the rhythm method."

"WHAT IS THAT?" Rosalia asks, as her husband, Marcelo, leans forward from his prone position on the wooden boards that he calls his bed. Marcelo has a swollen belly from some disorder that no one can quite determine. Outsiders will wander into the village from time to time and will offer him a diagnosis. Liver, maybe. Alcohol. We tried to diagnose him ourselves once with our "grassroots" medical books.

"I USE THE CALENDAR and keep track of my cycle." Rosalia's eyes are locked on mine. She wants to learn more. I continue to tell her of this very practical and simple method of birth control that I have used with complete success for more than ten years.

ROSALIA'S ELDEST DAUGHTER walks into the light from the back of the house where she has been stirring black beans in a clay pot and pounding out tortillas to cook on the *comal*. "This is Marcelina, my eldest, she is learning to be a woman. She is now waking up at four in the morning to start the fire and make the tortillas for her father to take with him to the *milpa*." The women must wake up early to have the tortillas ready by first light, so that their men can make the two-hour hike up into the mountains to their cornfields, where they will work for a few hours before they have to start home.

THIS IS THE KIND OF LIFE that has planted the seeds of revolution in southern Mexico. My partner, Michael, and I have been led here through some strange twist of fate and our vain attempts to live in an "authentic" part of Latin America without the fear of meeting government soldiers trained in the art of torture, such as we encountered in Guatemala and El Salvador.

"MEXICO IS A COUNTRY THAT DOES NOT LIKE BLOOD," I was assured by a close Mexican friend many years ago. I have seen too much of war in my 15 years of traveling throughout Central America; too much of the tragedy and devastation wrought on families and communities and survivors. I have come full circle from revolutionary to pacifist in the face of overwhelming odds and a decade and a half as a witness to war in Latin America. And so I chose southern Mexico as a safe destination in which to play out my dreams.

NOW I FIND MYSELF living in the Lacandón Jungle, caught in a time warp and in the midst of the Zapatista Revolution, which began just a few dramatic months ago in this beautifully rugged and extremely poor state of Chiapas, Mexico. This "Village in Resistance" has embraced us, given us a small adobe house to live in, included us as honored guests sitting in front of the community at special events, asked us to speak at town meetings, and invited us into their homes and into their hearts.

WE FIRST ARRIVED IN THE VILLAGE with a small band of reporters in February of 1994, just one month after the war started. We had lost our organic cooperative where we worked with Mayan families in San Cristóbal de Las Casas in one of the "revolutionary" land takeovers. In order to make money, we hired ourselves out as tour guides and translators, and also drove reporters into the Lacandón Jungle to meet the Zapatistas. It was on one of these forays that the leaders here invited us to live and work with them to create an organic community garden and to serve as an international presence to forestall further army aggression against the community.

WE HAVE BEEN LIVING HERE for only one month and we have been adopted as friends and entrusted as *compas*. And yet I feel separate, especially as a woman. I want to know what it feels like to live as a woman in this community, so that I can form genuine relationships. But this will probably never happen. I will never know what it means to live at the edge of life as they do, with poverty and sickness lurking just outside their door, with the need to trust completely in the power of prayer and the forces of nature to breathe life into a sick child. I have an excuse for not enduring their daily hardships: the so-called luck of being born in another world that cannot possibly comprehend this one. But the chasm is deeper than that; it is the knowledge of the fragility of human life, of a mother caring for a newborn child, and what that means in the context of poverty and war.

THE PEACE TALKS between the Zapatistas and the Mexican government are disintegrating and tensions are rising in the Lacandón Jungle. We listen constantly for the Mexican military tanks to come rolling down the winding, pockmarked, and at times impassable eight kilometers of dirt road from their last controlled checkpoint toward our village. We strategize endlessly about what we will do when the Mexican Army finally does invade, and we sense that day is coming soon.

"LET'S CARRY OUR WHITE FLAGS and cameras to the plaza and sit there quietly and peacefully when the army invades," Michael and I agree. The Mexican Army invaded here just three months ago, torturing and killing three of the elders inside the church, while the rest of the community was forced to lie facedown in the plaza, all day long in the hot sun, listening to the cries of these leaders. This time, the villagers are not going to wait around. They have collected a few meager weapons, and they are prepared to escape. We will stand guard in the plaza with our white flags, shooting soldiers with our 35mm cameras, while the villagers flee deeper into the jungle.

LEAVING IS NOT A QUESTION for now. *La Migra,* Mexican Immigration, has started clamping down on foreign witnesses and volunteers; we know if we leave for supplies, we most likely will not be allowed back in. So instead we start living more like our *compañeros* in the village. We walk the grassy roadways between the houses, unmarked by auto tracks and cropped by roaming sheep and horses, and study the fruit-bearing trees growing in the yards. We note the chickens and the possibility of eggs, both of which occasionally can be bought for a few pesos, and we count on one hand the houses that have been left vacant since the war started on January 1, 1994.

WE INTENSIFY OUR EFFORTS to work with the community to cultivate a cooperative organic garden to help provide much-needed fresh vegetables, and, we hope, to inspire others to further cultivate their own back yards. We spend a day on horseback herding milk cows for vaccinations. We arrange to receive deliveries of fresh, raw milk at our doorstep every morning. The wealthy ranchers have long since fled this part of the jungle, leaving their cattle and belongings behind and leaving rich tracts of convenient land open for cultivation by the villagers. The community is deciding how it will work this land, but in the meantime its members will still hike up and down and up and down the two mountains that separate them from their *milpas*. These are the early prizes of the revolution, the opportunity to reclaim land that belonged to their ancestors.

ON OUR BAD DAYS, Michael brands Marcelo, who has been appointed the community leader for the cooperative garden, a "lackless" communist, meaning that he works only when he thinks he is supposed to. On our good days, American visitors from *Organic Gardening* magazine come to interview us and to take pictures of this "Village in Resistance" at the entrance to the Lacandón Jungle and Zapatista-controlled territory.

AT NIGHT I READ *Two Ears of Corn* to learn more about "real" development work, but I know the truth. We are here to learn and to accompany, not to teach. The villagers are happy to share their lives with us, even honored. Miguel, one of the village leaders, tells us, "*nos animan.*" We "animate" them. Adults come by to share their day and to check on us. Children of all ages flow through our house from dawn till dusk, babies tied with shawls to the backs of older sisters, groups of barefoot girls in dirty, brightly colored dresses picking lice out of each other's hair and dropping them onto our dirt floor. We are entertainment, a diversion from the ordinary, and they are that for us. We stand on even ground here.

AT 7 O'CLOCK EVERY MORNING there is a knock on the door. Streams of morning light slip through the crack between the uneven wooden doors and slice into the earthen floor as the knock grows louder. The handmade tortillas have arrived. It is still early enough in the year that the supply of fresh corn has not yet run out. Later, they will use the ground, sterile, chlorine-bleached *masa* that the government factories produce. But perhaps with the revolution and the possibility of reclaiming fertile land in the valley close to their homes, they will be able to grow enough corn and beans to last them all year long. In the recent past, they had to beg for work from the local ranchers when the harvest was spent, but now the light of possibility and a new life are shining more brightly than ever.

TOGETHER WITH THE COMMUNITY, we have converted the land behind the village store into a community garden. We have started a seed bank where Indians from other villages can come for seeds. We have organized women's basketball games every afternoon, in which the women, finally out of the house for a few brief moments of freedom, refuse to rotate out, and so five-on-five becomes seven-on-seven. With the labor of the village men, we have converted an old corn mill into a school to provide opportunities for the children, since the government teachers have fled. We have smuggled boxes of paper and pencils, crayons and books, chairs and tables through the military checkpoints where we have honed our tactics of distraction and deceit for the sake of educating children. We have traveled down the canyon, giving workshops on composting and organic pest control in the villages. On national Election Day this August, we helped the women to organize a restaurant to sell chicken soup, eggs, and coffee to the reporters and monitors, in order to create a small fund for future projects.

BUT ALL OF THIS PALES in light of the hard work in the village of building a revolution to change their future: to regain the land that was once farmed by their ancestors; to rebuild the clinic destroyed by the army, and deliver health care and education to their families; to empower women to take their place as leaders. This small town of Tzeltal Indians has organized itself as a cohesive community with an important collective mission within the larger context of the Zapatista Revolution. Revolution does not mean war to them; it means change. The daily afternoon meetings with names called out over the town loudspeaker, the Saturday community workdays, the Friday-night dances and live music in the plaza, and the Liberation Theology Masses all bear witness to the quality of leadership and organization that can only be borne by an energy that comes from "within."

IT IS SUNDAY MORNING. I never wake up before 9 o'clock, but the rest of the women have been up since 5 or 6. They have slept in since no one will go to the *milpa* today. The church bell is ringing to let everyone know that it is time to come to Mass. Women dressed in a rainbow of colors, with babies tied to their backs and their other children close behind, begin to stream through the plaza and into the church. Rosalia's brother, Jesús, gives an extemporaneous sermon, the words of empowerment flowing through him as though they are coming directly from God. I wonder how it came to be that this amazing leader was given the name Jesús. The town musicians have brought their guitars and their voices to share the songs of "liberation."

JESÚS' FATHER IS STANDING OUTSIDE the door as we leave the church. He shakes our hands and says to us, "I am not afraid to die. There are some things that are worth giving one's life for. This is the lesson of Christ. He died to change the world." Since 1972, when the Vatican gave the world's poor permission to interpret the Bible for themselves, Catholics throughout Latin America have heard a new calling in the message of Jesus.

IT IS NOW MID-AFTERNOON in the plaza. "We are not the rain; we are just little drops. We are not the sun; we are just small rays. But together ... " Jesús speaks of humility and confrontation, words unrehearsed, his voice amplified through a sound system, as people gather to decide what to do with the latest government shipment of goods. Two large truckloads of staples: beans, rice, corn, and sugar are now parked in the plaza, designed to sway the villagers to side with the government and not the Zapatistas. Reporters are making their rounds and the town is busy with activity. The Mexican government and the Zapatistas are engaged in peace talks in San Cristóbal de Las Casas, while the government is conducting its own strategy to win the "hearts and minds and stomachs" of the indigenous population in the jungle. I have lived here long enough to know what will happen. These truckloads of goods will be refused.

THE DAYS HAVE BEGUN TO BLEND, one into the next, with only the rhythm of the sun and the bell of the church to remind us of the passing of time. We have managed to buy eggs and an occasional chicken, to receive milk deliveries at our doorstep every morning, and to buy cheese made by the women. We are eating lettuce and tomatoes and swiss chard from the garden, and cooking up the last of the black beans we brought in with us. The tortilla deliveries are starting to fall off now, but we are becoming leery of hepatitis, so it is just as well.

EARLY ONE EVENING, Ana Luz, a woman we have known since we first arrived, appears as a dark shadow outside our front door. She is uncertain about entering. "*Pásale,*" I tell her. "Come in." She looks distraught. "It is not a good time to have a baby now, here, in the middle of the revolution. When the woman came to visit us from San Cristóbal and gave us the pills, my husband and I decided that we would not have any more children."

ANA LUZ ALREADY HAS TWO CHILDREN. I do not know what to say, so I just listen.

"But we ran out, we could not get any more of the pills, and now I am pregnant. It is not a good time."

FOR OVER FOUR MONTHS Michael and I have been storing a donation of 100 boxes of birth control pills in the rafters of our house. We have been talking about the "appropriate" way to share them with the community, and we have been waiting for the right moment. That moment has clearly passed. Even the rhythm method seems ridiculous to me now in a world where men have always done as they pleased, whenever they pleased, and where one's sense of time is like an endless summer. But things are changing.

AT THE FOREFRONT OF THIS CHANGE is Maria, whose father-in-law was one of the elders tortured and killed by the Mexican Army. She is teaching her young son to sweep the house and carry his baby sister around, tasks normally assigned to the girls. As a member of this respected family she can afford to take these kinds of chances. Men and women are starting to talk about not having as many children. The women are beginning to feel a sense of power, albeit small, that they may one day be slightly relieved of the hard manual labor of washing so many clothes by hand and carrying such heavy loads of firewood on their back, and cleaning and feeding eight or more children. This remote Mayan village in the middle of the Mexican jungle, isolated by Mexican military roadblocks, is initiating the complex process of "liberating" women.

THE NEXT MORNING a young woman of 16 named Amparro knocks at our door. She has come for advice and reassurance. "I am seven months pregnant. I am terrified of giving birth." She is almost in tears. "This is my first child and my family is from another community far away. No one has told me anything and I do not know what to expect." At long last, I see myself in the image of this frightened young woman. Humanity's common denominator has made us equal.

NOW IS THE TIME for confessions and solidarity. The rhythm method has finally failed me in this sea of timelessness that has become my life. "*Tengo mucho miedo, también.*" I am very afraid, too, I confess. We huddle together and share our fears. My wise words to Rosalia about "my secret" mock me as I learn the true lessons of a woman's life.

THE DAYS ARE GROWING SHORTER now, and the rain is coming. Children will be getting sick from the cold, and families will huddle around fires in smoked-filled rooms for warmth.

A BABY CRIES from the hut across the road. Then another.

NOW A DIFFERENT CRY rocks my heart. Three months have passed, and this time I look down into the soft new eyes of my own son, born just minutes ago. It is June 13, 1995, at the University of North Carolina Hospital, and I am overwhelmed by the fragility of human life and the miracle of new life, here at home in the context of relative wealth and safety. I have chosen to flee from the risks of poverty and war, to follow my head to safety, while my heart lies trapped between two worlds. My guardian angel has been keeping close watch.

OUR FRIENDS FROM THE VILLAGE in Mexico are now in refuge, deep in the Lacandón Jungle. In mid-February, one day after we left to return to the safety of the States, the Mexican Army rolled their heavily armed tanks over the eight kilometers of dirt road and invaded our former home. The villagers fled, young and old, sick and able, strong and weak, hiking for three days deep into the jungle, where they have been for over three months now. Mercifully, we were not with them. Among those who fled were three pregnant women, including Amparro and Ana Luz. All three gave birth while in refuge. Two of the babies survived and one did not.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, back home in the States, as I embrace the precious new life that has taken over my heart, I begin to "know" what I have longed to know and to understand what this revolution is really all about.

Jenna Berg, a KNFP Group XII fellow, is president of OnePlanetWeb, Inc., a Web programming and design firm in Santa Barbara, California. She holds a doctorate in electrical engineering and computer science from Duke University and was on the faculty of North Carolina State University and of Meredith College. During and after her Kellogg fellowship, she was director and president of Children's Community Garden, a nonprofit corporation, and lived and worked with Mayan families and communities in Chiapas, Mexico.

__Meredith Minkler__ demonstrates her passion for service throughout her story. Her education and training provide the author with the skills to complete the research; however, the leadership knowledge of "starting where the people are" provides the passion for her commitment to service. She describes the significance of networking, advocacy, finding ways to increase visibility for issues, effective use of mentoring as a leadership strategy, and most important, taking the time and effort to invest in people by being involved in their lives and listening to their voices. She believes leadership is about helping to create conditions for social change, and her final conclusions are powerful: "Leadership is not so much about single individuals as it is about groups of people who share a vision and work together for change." The Kellogg National Fellowship Program reminds all fellows to "invest in people," and this author has spent a decade working for and with grandparents raising grandchildren. She has more than fulfilled the promise of servant leadership in using her abilities to help others help themselves. She had the insight to look for the creative opportunities to serve rather than seeing only the barriers. The result is an inspiring story of working to make a difference in the lives of others.

BRINGING ATTENTION TO AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN CAREGIVERS

Grandparents Raising Grandchildren

By Meredith Minkler

THE NEWSWEEK MAGAZINE COVER pictured a middle-class white woman in her forties, her arm draped lovingly around the shoulder of the elderly mother with Alzheimer's disease for whom she was now the primary caregiver. It was the mid-1980s, and as both an adult daughter and a gerontologist, I had been delighted to see growing media attention focused on America's "women in the middle" – women who are middle-aged or older, and often caught between the competing demands of their husbands or partners, their children, their jobs, and their disabled elderly parents. Yet as I looked at this newest cover story, I felt growing discomfort, too, for I knew, in my own life, women who were playing an often equally demanding and long-term role, yet who remained all but invisible beneath the spotlight being shined on American caregivers. These women, often poor and African-American, were raising their grandchildren or great-grandchildren. I believed that their stories, too, needed to be heard.

FOR THE PAST DECADE, I've been privileged to help bring local and national attention to the needs – and the incredible strengths – of American grandparents raising grandchildren. Although a Group I Kellogg fellow (1980–83), the leadership lessons that were instilled in me two decades ago helped shape and determine my efforts to illuminate and give voice to these forgotten caregivers.

A FEW NUMBERS HELP put this issue in context. Between 1980 and 1990, the number of children living with their grandparents grew by over 44 percent nationally. In a third of these homes, neither of the children's parents was present. Substance abuse, divorce, teen pregnancy, AIDS, and violence were among the contributors to the growth in grandparents raising grandchildren, which has continued throughout the last decade. By 1997, close to 6 percent of all American children, and more than 14 percent of African-American children, were living with, and often being raised by, their grandparents or other relatives.

I SHARED WITH TWO CLOSE FRIENDS and colleagues my desire to undertake what would become the first in-depth and participatory study of grandparents raising grandchildren, and invited them to join me on this uncertain venture. To my delight, Kathleen M. Roe, an assistant professor at San Jose State University, and Frances Saunders, a field placement supervisor who was herself an older African-American woman actively involved in the Oakland community, shared my interest in pursuing what would become, for each of us, a transformative journey.

THE FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM reinforced for me one of the most important lessons of leadership, namely the need to "start where the people are." And since grandparent caregiving in our part of the country (the San Francisco Bay area) was disproportionately occurring in low-income African-American communities hard hit by a crack cocaine epidemic, I began by meeting with two local community-based organizations. I wanted to learn whether this issue really was a high-priority concern in their communities; whether there might be a role for outsiders to play in helping to sensitively document and bring attention to this issue; and, if so, whether these local organizations would be willing to partner with us, and a team of African-American students, in designing a participatory research project to bring forward the voices of such grandparents. Representatives of both groups confirmed that the surging number of grandparents raising grandchildren, chiefly as a result of the crack cocaine epidemic, was a huge but largely unaddressed issue in their communities, and they were enthusiastic about working with us. With their active collaboration, we applied for and secured a small grant from a local community funder (the San Francisco Foundation) and recruited a committed group of close to a dozen individuals, most of them African-American women, who would compose our unfolding project's advisory board.

THE GRANDPARENT CAREGIVER STUDY, born of these efforts, was conducted in 1990–91 and involved our community partner organizations as well as four African-American graduate students from our two universities, the project's advisory board, and 71 amazing women who willingly shared with us their wisdom and their stories of pain and courage. The women ranged in age from 41 to 79, and each was raising one or typically two or more infants or preschool-age children as a direct consequence of crack cocaine use in their communities.

OUR ADVISORY BOARD not only proved instrumental in helping us find a diverse sample of grandparent caregivers, but also in teaching us the cultural nuances that can make or break a project of this sort. Reminding us that many of our participants would be older women with roots in the Deep South, for example, they taught us the importance of bringing a homemade gift when we first went to the women's homes. I will never forget how self-conscious my student and I felt, venturing up the rickety stairs to our first respondent's home with our misshapen potpourri! But neither will I forget how quickly our fears were replaced by relief and joy as an elderly great-grandmother opened the door, looked down at the modest gift in my hand, and clasped me in a bear hug. That first experience turned out to be emblematic of many touching moments that would follow, thanks, in large part, to the insights of our community board partners and "cultural guides."

BECAUSE LEADERSHIP IS ABOUT ENHANCING individual and group capacity, we shared with board members our knowledge of qualitative research and survey design, and involved them in the process of developing the interview questionnaire. As themes began to emerge during the course of the study, these too were shared with the board, whose members were helped to appreciate their own unique gifts and insights as they helped us interpret the rich findings that were being uncovered.

THE GRANDMOTHER CAREGIVER STUDY provided a riveting inside look at the challenges, costs, and rewards experienced by grandparents engaged in "unplanned parenthood." We learned, for example, that many of the women had substantial health problems of their own, but that they often missed doctor visits and omitted self-care activities in order to focus on the needs of the youngsters they were raising. We learned that many of the women had left jobs, volunteer roles, and other valued activities because of the demands of caregiving. And we learned that raising one's grandchildren frequently was being combined with other difficult caregiving roles. I carry in my heart the words of one of these grandmothers who had opened our interview by saying, "I have three children: my nine-month-old, who was born drug addicted; my 17-month-old, who is HIV positive; and my 83-year-old mother with Alzheimer's. All three are in diapers."

WHERE DO YOU GO WITH FINDINGS LIKE THIS, and what can academics do to ensure that such findings are used in ways that contribute to community well-being, rather than violating community trust? We began by returning the data to the community. At an elegant luncheon in their honor, held at a popular waterfront restaurant and planned by a committee of study participants and research team members, we celebrated the role of the grandmothers in the community and shared with them our initial study findings. Child care, transportation, entertainment, and raffles for prizes donated by dozens of local merchants were included, and all but two of the 71 study participants were able to take part in this festive event. Each grandmother received a certificate of participation in the study and a booklet, dedicated to the grandmothers, summarizing preliminary findings.

OUR VERBAL PRESENTATION of the study's early results was met with enthusiasm, as the grandmothers affirmed that the findings accurately reflected their issues and concerns. The women then discussed with animation what should be done with the data. Their most important policy concern was increasing equity between grandparent caregivers and the more favorably treated foster-care parents in terms of legal rights, financial assistance, and access to health and social services. The women's primary program concerns were with getting information out to grandparent caregivers about their rights and resources, and getting high-quality, affordable day care and respite care. As suggested below, these priorities, expressed so articulately by the grandmothers, both individually and in this collective gathering, heavily influenced much of my own and my colleagues' academic and community work over the next decade.

FOR THOSE OF US IN ACADEMIA engaged in community-based participatory research, however, real leadership means helping to create opportunities for community members to develop their own capacities and build on their hopes and dreams. Both during and after the conclusion of the Grandparent Caregiver Study, we found many opportunities to help members of our advisory board and study participants realize and develop their leadership capacities and pursue their goals. One board member, for example, had begun a "warm line" for grandparent caregivers out of a local supervisor's office. The warm line had received close to 1,000 calls in its first six months of operation. We helped this energetic and creative woman write grants, interest foundations, and in other ways secure funding to ensure her project's sustainability. Another board member was working closely with her church to establish a respite program for grandparent caregivers, and so we built in considerable advisory board time to include brainstorming on how to proceed and the merits of different approaches to respite care for this unique community of caregivers. When our study participants reaffirmed at the luncheon their own priority concern with respite services, we volunteered to donate all of the proceeds from a book we hoped to write, which would be based on the study, to the emerging church-based respite program.

WE ALSO FOUND MANY OPPORTUNITIES to nurture leadership and community-building among the women who had participated in our study. One grandmother, who expressed her love of writing and her wish to develop this gift, was helped to attain a part-time job with the local Office on Aging, where she proudly produced a newsletter, including many of her own poems and short essays, for other grandparent caregivers. Several of our participants expressed a desire to "do more" for other grandparents who had only recently taken on the caregiver role. We helped these women become active in a growing number of community projects, including training for service as peer counselors on the grandparent warm line. One study participant's service with the warm line indeed proved so invaluable that she was able to step in and lead the entire project when its founder became critically ill.

FINALLY, SEVERAL STUDY PARTICIPANTS expressed their desire to play an advocacy role on behalf of grandparent caregivers, and so we helped link them with the mass media and prepare for speeches and interviews. Real pride was evident as some of these women saw themselves quoted in local newspapers, and even appear on CNN and the *Today* show. One great-grandmother became such an effective spokesperson that she was invited to speak about grandparents raising grandchildren at both a national professional society meeting and at the national annual meeting of her church.

BECAUSE ACADEMIC LEADERSHIP also is about mentoring, my colleague, Dr. Roe, and I also played an active role as advisers, supporters, coaches, and role models for the four African-American students who worked with us on this project. Two of the students were beginning doctoral programs when they became involved with the Grandparent Caregiver Study, and were helped to apply what they were learning in the course of the project to their own dissertation planning and research. Neither of the other two students had any particular interest in research or academe at the project's inception. However, active engagement in all aspects of the Grandparent Caregiver Study and mentoring helped them realize and develop their gifts as researchers. Both individuals went on to pursue doctorates in public health. All four of the students involved in the Grandparent Caregiver Study were coauthors of different study publications. Two now hold faculty positions, and the two others hold full-time research positions.

AS NOTED ABOVE, one of the challenges to academics engaged in community-based research is ensuring that study findings are translated into tangible actions that can benefit and give back to the communities which gave generously of their time and insights. For me, giving back to the community and following up on the policy interests and desires expressed by study participants meant taking a leadership role in the founding of new vehicles through which grandparent caregivers could work with others committed to policy change. Together with the head of the local Gray Panthers chapter, I had the privilege of cofounding and cochairing a regional coalition on grandparents raising grandchildren. The coalition met monthly for over two years at a local senior center and involved grandparents, health and service providers, community activists, and legislative aides. In addition to providing a place for information exchange, the group established working relationships with several state assembly and senate members, and studied and helped to guide and promote new legislation to benefit intergenerational families headed by grandparents.

BUILDING ON THIS SUCCESS, a colleague and I attended the first statewide meeting of more than 100 grandparent caregivers and their allies, and helped members of this informal gathering create a statewide coalition that could continue to press their shared agenda of public education and policy advocacy. Among the state coalition's first activities were organizing and conducting a rally in the state capital, which was attended by busloads of grandparents and grandchildren from all over the state. Participating in this event along with former participants and advisory board members from the Grandparent Caregiver Study, Dr. Roe and I watched with pride as several of the women used their advocacy skills in meetings with their congressional representatives to press for the changes they hoped to see. Partly as a result of the coalition's unstinting efforts, the state legislature passed a modest bill to provide informational outreach to the state's growing grandparent caregiver population, and several legislators introduced or reintroduced more ambitious bills calling for increased financial aid and health and social services to grandparent caregivers and their families.

ONE OF THE MOST CRITICAL FUNCTIONS of leadership involves identifying and helping to connect groups and individuals who share common interests and goals yet remain largely isolated from one another. Through our work with the regional and statewide coalitions, and through a growing network of contacts with grandparent caregivers and their allies, it became apparent that many such groups and individuals existed around the country. I was thrilled and excited, therefore, to be invited by the New York–based Brookdale Foundation to submit a proposal for the development of a national center on grandparent caregiving. The Brookdale Grandparent Caregiver Information Center, which I was privileged to found and direct for two years, created a database of over 300 support groups and close to two dozen more comprehensive programs for (and often by) grandparent caregivers around the country. The center also assessed the state of the art of innovative new programs for grandparent caregivers and their families, and tracked legislation and other developments designed to assist such caregivers on the policy level. Headquartered at the University of California's Center on Aging, the project published and widely distributed a newsletter highlighting promising interventions and "best practices" in different parts of the country, put grandparents and service providers in touch with support groups and programs in their geographic areas, and served as a national clearinghouse. Although a highly labor-intensive effort, directing the center was immensely gratifying, and never more so than when people like a rural extension agent in upstate New York and a Hispanic leader in Los Angeles contacted us, excited about a program they'd read about in the newsletter and ready to replicate it for grandparent caregivers in their own geographic areas.

AN IMPORTANT LEADERSHIP LESSON underscored through the Kellogg National Fellowship Program involves knowing when to step back and allow a project you have helped cultivate take wing. Although we were offered additional funding which would have enabled the center to continue to function from Berkeley, the growing visibility of the issue of grandparent caregiving suggested that the time was ripe for a move to the nation's capital. So when the 37-million-member American Association of Retired Persons (AARP) expressed its interest in becoming involved in this issue, I happily transferred our database and operations to its Washington, D.C., headquarters, and began serving as a member of the new AARP Grandparent Information Center's national advisory board.

MY CONTINUED CLOSE CONTACT with the AARP Center, and with interested foundations, policymakers, colleagues, and leaders of what was quickly becoming a grandparent caregiver movement in the United States, underscored for me the importance to all these constituents of "getting the numbers" – actual documentation of the proportion and circumstances of American grandparents who are engaged in raising their grandchildren. For although the census provided a conservative estimate of the number of children living with grandparents, no reliable national data were available on the proportion of the nation's grandparents who had, in fact, served in a primary caregiver role. With Esme Fuller Thompson, a former student who recently had become an assistant professor at the University of Toronto, I applied for and received a grant from the Commonwealth Fund to undertake this needed research using a large representative national data set. To our surprise, we found that more than one in 10 American grandparents had at some point raised a grandchild for at least six months, and typically for two years or more. Less surprising, we learned that such grandparents had elevated rates of clinical depression and other health problems, and that while most were middle-class white women, high proportions lived in or near poverty, and disproportionate numbers were women of color.

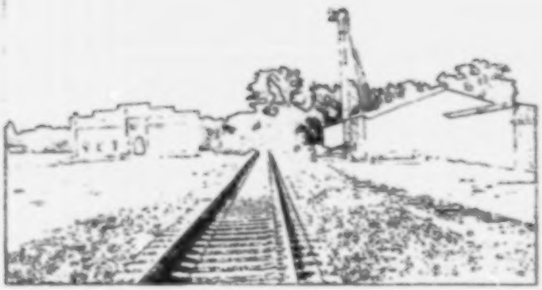
OUR FINDINGS MADE NATIONAL NEWS and led to our frequently being sought out by reporters and journalists covering "second time around" parenting. These frequent media contacts provided an opportunity to build on another of the fellowship program's leadership lessons: the importance of constantly finding opportunities through which indigenous leaders can be recognized, and their leadership nourished and given visibility. By putting journalists in touch with community activists and grandparent caregivers themselves, I was able to help bring attention to the tireless efforts of a host of women and men around the country who were working in the trenches to improve the lives of grandparents and the children in their care.

AS THE FELLOWSHIP PROGRAM PAINSTAKINGLY TAUGHT, leadership is about helping to create the conditions for social change. And so when I was asked to prepare a background paper on grandparent caregiving for the 1995 White House Conference on Aging, I jumped at the chance. Inaugurated in 1951, the decennial conference includes delegates and leaders from around the country who review over a thousand resolutions and policy documents to come up with 40 that they will pass in an attempt to help shape policy on aging for the next 10 years. To my delight, a resolution calling for increased recognition of and assistance to American grandparents raising grandchildren was one of the resolutions adopted at the 1995 White House conference.

GETTING THE RESOLUTION TRANSLATED into policy has, of course, been a much slower process. But its very passage has given grandparents, legislators, community activists, and service providers around the country a stronger base from which to work for the kind of policy changes that would support, rather than penalize, the millions of grandparents who are raising many of the nation's most vulnerable children.

IN LAST ANALYSIS, leadership is not so much about single individuals as it is about groups of people who share a vision and work together for change. The Kellogg National Fellowship Program continually reminded each of us fellows to "invest in people," and my decade of working for and with grandparents raising grandchildren and with their allies around the country has been my effort to live up to and reflect that vision.

Meredith Minkler is a KNFP Group I fellow who is a professor in the School of Public Health at the University of California, Berkeley, where she also serves as an assistant to the vice-chancellor on national and community service. She has published several books including the edited volume "Community Organizing and Community Building for Health," and was a recent recipient of the Gerontological Society of America's Outstanding Mentorship Award. Dr. Minkler received both her master's degree and her doctorate in public health from the University of California, Berkeley.



Army Lester *takes the long road home in his story. Byromville, Georgia, his childhood home, was typical of many small southern communities, divided by railroad tracks into two very distinct sections – one fairly affluent and well groomed, the other poor and worn. Recognizing that he could change only himself, the author believed that the people of Byromville must desire to change the community and build a better vision for a more productive future for themselves and their children. His personal journey took him to South Africa, Argentina, and Costa Rica, finding inspiration and strategies for community change. He identifies six leadership essentials for community change: education, government, communications, economics, social service organizations, and spirituality. Ultimately, he comes to realize that applied leadership is most meaningful in his search for making a difference in community development. The result has been the creation of a community development organization through the efforts of the residents' focusing on a leadership vision of people helping themselves. The real change, however, occurred when community residents began "to see with imagination." They understand that leadership is a verb, not a noun, and is based on relationships, not positions. Leaders often serve as catalysts in bringing about change, and this is certainly true of Army's efforts to revitalize his home community. He ends with his inspirational poem titled "Today Is the Day." Army Lester did go home again, and what a difference he has made in his community!*

BUILDING A COMMUNITY VISION

By Army Lester

IT SEEMS AS IF IT WERE JUST YESTERDAY when I drove to the local gas station in Byromville, Georgia, in my spit-shined black '56 Chevrolet. I won the Black Beauty, as I had affectionately named it, at a spring football jamboree on the same night that my sister Virlin pulled gubernatorial candidate Jimmy Carter into the bleachers in an attempt to shake his hand. While the attendant was filling my tank with a whopping two dollars' worth of gas, he paused to ask me about my college plans. I thought for a second and then responded in a soft yet arrogant tone, "I am going to save this town." I am sure that it took him a little by surprise, but he responded by asking if I planned to be a lawyer. I said "No." I told him that I planned to go to college so that I could come back and help make this town a nice place for everyone to live. While my college years didn't quite lead me to a life of community-building, I always held a commitment to being able someday to make a difference in my hometown.

GROWING UP IN A SMALL RURAL TOWN where railroad tracks divided the town into two very distinct groups made it extremely obvious that something was wrong in my community. On one side of the tracks, houses were painted, the yards were well groomed, and the streets were clean. On the other side of the tracks, the opposite was true; houses were worn, the yards were crowded with what appeared to be junk, and an open ditch ran down both sides of the street. There were many more differences than these, but these fueled much of the community's distress.

AFTER YEARS OF DREAMING OF SOLUTIONS, the one obvious truth that I discovered is that the differences, which still exist to this day, are the result of intended actions. In this new millennium, when we can send a mission to Mars, and rebuild a disaster-stricken city in months, it is impossible to believe that dilapidated communities in rural and inner-city areas cannot be changed. It also seems logically clear that the reason that these areas have not changed is because the people who have the leadership skills to create the strategies for change have specifically selected not to do so.

THE W.K. KELLOGG FOUNDATION rejuvenated my hopes of being able to help create change in my hometown. During the three years of experiences in the Kellogg National Fellowship Program (KNFP), I learned that my hopes of changing Byromville were as much about changing me as about changing Byromville. One thing that KNFP did extremely well was to provide the fellows with the information, resources, and people needed to develop and refine their leadership skills. The Foundation nurtured the fellows with a generous budget, exposure to every possible venue of the world, and access to world leaders in every walk of life. These resources afforded each fellow an opportunity to develop whatever leadership skills she or he deemed necessary. The main thing that the program asked in return was that we use these experiences to make a difference in our lives. We did not have to change the world; we simply had to change ourselves.

MY KELLOGG EXPERIENCE provided me with a new knowledge of leadership that allowed me both to change myself and to develop the skills needed to help Byromville change itself. I learned that leadership is defined in many different ways. For me, leadership was about producing progress. I took concepts of current leadership definitions and created my own definition of leadership that I called "applied leadership." Through inspirations gained at a servant leadership workshop, I defined leadership as "the process used in the creation of strategies for functional activities that are then used to drive a cyclic course of productivity." According to this definition, a leader is someone who creates solutions to problems, while the followers execute the strategy to achieve the desired outcome.

THINKING ABOUT BYROMVILLE, I realized that I could not solve its problems, but I could help develop strategies that it could use. It was obvious also that I could not empower Byromville to change. To empower someone means that you take something that you have and give it to someone else to use for her/his benefit. I certainly could not empower the citizens of Byromville by giving them the resources needed to rebuild houses or fill ditches. And the passion that I personally have for Byromville only resides within me; I could not give its citizens the will to change.

THE SURPRISING THING that I discovered was that virtually no one in Byromville was sitting there waiting for a handout. Almost everyone was eager to do the work of building a better community and wanted a better life for all. What they lacked was the empirical evidence to prove that their community could be changed. They lacked a specific strategy to overcome the insurmountable odds that allowed only decay to triumph. They noted the once-in-a-while miracle of success that no one could explain, such as the fieldworker who sent seven of his eight kids to college to earn 15 college degrees among them, from bachelor's degrees to doctorates. Byromville wanted hope. It wanted to see actions that resulted in change. Byromville wanted to be part of the American dream.

DURING MY STUDIES I traveled, hoping to learn how other communities dealt with stress and poverty. I found that Byromville was not much different from many other places around the world. From South Africa to

Argentina, from Costa Rica to Hong Kong, every place I visited seemed to have a Byromville. All of those places seemed to be filled with people who needed both a strategy for positive change and leaders with the passion, knowledge, and skills to do the right thing.

LEADERS MUST SOLICIT THE EXPERTISE OF OTHER LEADERS. The task of change, especially at the community level, is a very complex process. During my studies, I uncovered six primary factors – education, government, communications, economics, social service organizations, and spirituality – that influence community success. No one person can claim expertise in every area; therefore, leaders must seek information from others to develop effective strategies.

I EXPERIENCED THIS CONCEPT as I attempted to work with Byromville. While my passion was strong, I lacked many of the skills needed to create a workable strategy. I immediately called on others of my KNFP class and invited them to my hometown. Fellows such as Alfreda Barringer and Yvonne Howze were excited to lend their support. Both visited the community and were touched by the people they met. The people were equally excited by their presence. While it was impossible and unnecessary to bring everyone who had skills to share to Byromville, technology made it possible for people like Michelle Nunn, Curtis Jones, and Jah'Shams Abdul-Mumin to contribute without ever seeing the town.

LEADERS ARE EXPECTED TO PRODUCE DESIRABLE RESULTS. Many who call themselves leaders speak the language, hang out in all of the right places, and are seen with all of the right people. However, leadership is not an attitude, even though it requires a certain mindset. Applied leadership is more about the products generated. The product might be an inspired congregation or a winning football team. Regardless, if those being served do not obtain the desired results, they are not likely to call those who develop the strategies good leaders.

WHEN IT COMES TO BYROMVILLE, the people wanted an environment in which it was pleasant to live. In a project sponsored by the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, community members and fellows from KNFP Group XV were able to develop strategies for the creation of a community development organization. This organization painted houses, cleaned the streets, and provided stipends for youth who worked on these projects. The results of these efforts were modest; however, the members of the community and the fellows were ecstatic.Newspapers and TV quickly picked up the news of this town on the move. The people of the town had something to believe in. The proof of change was in the product.

LEADERSHIP IS A CYCLIC PROCESS and requires preparing new leaders to tackle unexpected challenges. One of the universal truths of life is the law of unintended consequences. When changes are made in a complex system, those changes lead to consequences that affect others in unpredictable ways. Even the dream of a better way of life for the citizens of Byromville is certain to lead to challenges that do not exist now. To prepare for such changes, the community has taken its success and used it to prepare a wave of new leaders. Young community leaders have taken on the challenge of helping the town to become computer literate. Computer training programs are being offered to the citizens of Byromville. An office was just secured and is being renovated for the newly formed Byromville Community Development Association (BCDA). A leadership training program is being planned to help BCDA develop new leaders to plot its course of action. Because success often leads to more success, good leaders must prepare themselves for growth and change. They must help to develop new leaders with the knowledge and skills needed to create strategies for change as yet unseen.

AS A RESULT of the W.K. Kellogg Foundation's interest in human development, I have been given an opportunity to help develop a strategy that has made a difference in my hometown. The citizens rallied to the opportunity to change their community. As a model of what can be, Byromville shows what happens when people are given the resources needed to follow their hearts. The success of the work of this town has resulted in a new computer technology program, the creation of the BCDA, a new office, and a seed grant to give the organization a presence in the community. There are many new challenges facing this town, but those challenges will be met by a group of leaders who will stop at nothing short of success.

THE POEM THAT FOLLOWS is a source of inspiration and motivation that I use when I am sorrowed by those things that could have been but never were.

Today Is the Day

I wish I had the chance to do it all over again
This time I wouldn't quit
This time I know I would win
I would polish my style with diligence
And shine my skills with finesse
I would give my heart and soul to the cause until I'm the very best
Excuses would fly away with procrastination and no dedication
Each moment would serve as evidence of a will to win at my expense
But wait, wait, wait
Why should I waste my life sorrowing over the past?
I will live for today and I will make it last
For if it's true what they say in that tomorrow's yesterday is yesterday's tomorrow
Then today is the day, the day of the past.

– Army Lester

A Group XV Kellogg fellow, Army Lester lives in Kennesaw, Georgia, where he is a professor of biology at Kennesaw State University. As a result of his Kellogg experience, Army helped to create two nonprofit organizations. The Byromville Community Development Association was created in Army's hometown to help the citizens of the community take a more active role in creating a better community for all. The Youth Institute of Applied Learning was created by a group of Kellogg fellows and associates to help organizations that provide services to youth become better practitioners by employing the talents of youth. Army earned his doctorate in biology from Clark Atlanta University.

SECTION TWO

Personal Development

The greatest thing about man
Is his ability to transcend himself, his ancestry, and his environment
And to become what he dreams of being.

– Tully C. Knoles

Throughout the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program, fellows have been encouraged to engage in a personal journey that allows them the time and space to engage in introspection and reflection, and to emerge with a clearer understanding of who they are as individuals and leaders. We have learned that questioning as well as listening to our own voice and the voices of others are powerful tools in building self-awareness and understanding. The pursuit of self-knowledge is at the core of leadership development. *If leaders do not know who they are, followers certainly will not know or trust them.* Self-knowledge allows us to create and share our own vision. We learn to take the risks to move forward, accepting challenges as the norm rather than the exception. We gain the courage to actively seek new opportunities to serve in different ways. Understanding one's self is not only about giving inspiration to your own life, but also encouraging others. It is telling your story, and in the process letting your life speak through the very best that is within you. Kellogg fellows have told us repeatedly that affirmation is one of the greatest gifts of the fellowship. If we are able to affirm others, then their search for self-knowledge leads to more authentic relationships based on "a deep respect for the individual integrity of each person." Leaders and followers must constantly strengthen their relationships again and again as they work to create and sustain a more just society. The process of change begins within each one of us. The following authors tell stories of their own search for self-discovery and authenticity. In the process, they provide some very provocative insights into leadership lessons learned.

***Pat Mora** emphasizes that leadership is not the goal but the means of achieving fulfillment in our lives. The importance of self-knowledge in leading effective lives as agents of change is emphasized when she says, "If indeed you and I each have a voice like no other, how sad it would be if we didn't practice and steadily increase our range, explore our capacities, take some risks, listen to ourselves, and watch how others respond to our various music modes." What is necessary to accomplish a life of service is practice. Practice is prioritizing, flexibility, persistence, inclusivity, solitude, and leaps of faith. Through her own journey, work, and experiences, she helps the reader understand the comprehensive nature of self-exploration. Knowing when to bend and when to stand firm often determines the leadership character of each of us. Pat Mora helps us explore the many facets and dilemmas of living a leading life.*

PRACTICE, PRACTICE

By Pat Mora

GEESE BOLDLY STRETCH THEIR LONG NECKS into the future, sensing the annual cycle of cold gray wind approaching. Here in the Cincinnati area, I look up still a bit startled at the fluid lines of such large birds in flight, at the mystery of their ascension. I may have been an adult before I actually saw a Canada goose, creatures that don't frequent my hometown of El Paso, Texas.

I STUDY THE BIRD LEADING THE V FORMATION high above me. What impelled and propelled her to gather her energy, call to her companions and rise? Is she merely aggressive, a plump ego beneath those feathers, or is she particularly attentive to her inklings, her surroundings, her companions? How did she learn to make her call infectious, to compel others to follow?

PART OF THE KELLOGG EXPERIENCE was exposure to occasions that forced or nudged me to stop and reflect on such questions and thus on my life; to ask What am I learning? Where am I going, and why? And here I am again, invited to mull, though keenly aware of all the projects tugging at my sleeves like impatient children. This practice – a word that means more to me each year – of pausing and pondering is one of the many gifts of the fellowship. What are my practices now, the advice I give myself?

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Practice Prioritizing

EACH OF US LIVES in a bit of a swirl. Our body protests that we need a nap or a cup of tea while our mind urges us to dive in and tackle at least the first 10 pressing projects, while our spirit both panics at the undone and chastises us for our lack of engagement with international tragedies. Other voices bombard us – colleagues, friends, *la familia*. And then there are the twins: our fears and our dreams. I long to write another book and yet sit here wondering if I can even complete this essay well. Talent isn't lacking on the planet, but the discipline to insist that our values select what we do, and where we'll first invest our prized resource – energy – is an hourly challenge.

WHEN I RECEIVED THE FELLOWSHIP in 1986, I was writing in the edges of my life, evenings and weekends, but supporting myself and my children as a university administrator. With the fellowship, I visited museums across the country and in other countries and acquired a deeper understanding of cultures other than my Mexican heritage. Excited to learn more about how cultures are preserved, I saw the role that museums can play in cultural conservation. I'm sure colleagues grew weary of my "Look what they're doing in Oakland. *¿Porqué?* Why aren't we doing what they do in Mexico?" I had no particular training to become a museum director, nor had I been trained to be an administrator, nor a writer for that matter, but I let my excitement well up and propel me. I was given opportunities, and then I struggled at focusing. Books and speakers helped me to say no to worthy projects that would have left less of me for what I'd decided was most important.

IN TERMS OF THE MUSEUM, this was its role in public education. The formerly sleepy building was jolted awake as African-American choirs shook the rock walls during Black History Month and as busloads of schoolchildren raced up the stairs to see the mineral collection. Much in the building needed attention – the collections, the display areas, the grounds – but the small staff focused its energies on our highest priority, convincing our border community that the museum building was theirs, public space, not private, a local resource.

Practice Flexibility

THANKS TO THE EXAMPLE of my strong mother, Estela Delgado Mora, I began public speaking in elementary school as Mom had done, which means I learned to speak up. Embedded in this practice is the habit of having strong opinions, a valuable trait for a "minority woman," someone who could be easily dismissed as pleasant but different and thus inferior, a composite of nots – not a man, not Euro-American, not a Ph.D., not a graduate of prestigious schools. We have only to imagine the media reaction to a Latina as a presidential candidate to have an inkling about the knottiness of those nots.

WHEN I ARRIVED at the first Kellogg gathering, I'd packed my strong opinions about what I'd explore during my fellowship. I wanted to examine the very undiverse world of publishing, a topic that remains a deep interest. "No, no, no," I was told. "You'll do that anyway. What else intrigues you?" Internally, if not externally, that "no" and my strong opinions collided with a thud. I was confident that I knew what was best for me – silly me. Thanks to the patient advice of a new friend, I explored both the topic of cultural conservation and the role of media in cultural preservation while I also quietly learned more about publishing.

"IT'S A PUZZLEMENT," says the king in *The King and I.* That short sentence is a good summary of life. So much paradox. Part of evolving, of developing into our true self, requires living with the discomfort of uncertainty. I'm to be both self-confident, to trust my instincts like that goose who sensed it was time to up and leave, and I'm to cultivate a healthy self-doubt. I hope age and experience have helped me to be much more curious about alternatives, to meander a bit off the path I'm so determinedly trudging, to explore what I might find that could teach me or sustain me.

I HEAR MYSELF TELL MY THREE CHILDREN about the rigid tree that snaps in a gale while the tree that bends, survives. The dilemma is knowing when to bend, of course. Repeatedly I learn that others, often of differing political persuasions or personality styles, have much to teach me, that other strategies to make the world more just can sometimes be more effective than what I might propose.

Practice Persistence

I APPLIED FOR THE FELLOWSHIP three times before I received it, and it was friends, including my husband, who helped me gather myself to keep trying. I've received many more than two rejections in my publishing life. To participate in change, whether changing our opportunities or an organization, I've learned both to heed my inner necessity, my sense of urgency, and to accept change as a s-l-o-w process, to persevere long after I would have thought necessary, when my weariness saps my hope.

IN 1996 I BEGAN WORKING with librarians and literacy organizations on institutionalizing the observance of April 30 as *Día de los niños/Día de los libros,* a day to celebrate a yearlong commitment to linking all children to books, languages, cultures. Only 2 percent of the 5,000 children's books published each year in the United States are by or about Latinos, though the school population is about 13 percent Latino. Such an observance, then, would seem easy to establish, but the work required – letters, calls, e-mails, friendly reminders – seems endless. I could stop promoting this concept and probably no one would call to ask what happened, the way the bill collector or an editor might call. There are no externally imposed deadlines, no system of accountability, except to my dream. How do I balance again and again, articulating a compelling vision while both proposing initial steps and celebrating that incremental progress?

ON MY DESK I KEEP GANDHI'S WORDS: "You must be the change you wish to see in the world." I visit schools and find that in the year 2000, in our multilingual country, Latino students still are unwilling to translate a phrase in Spanish for fear their knowledge will be a liability, that their classmates will snicker. Students suppress knowledge at an educational institution? This ironic nonsense both saddens and enrages me. How do I transform those feelings into energy to persist in promoting pride in home languages and cultures and the work of strengthening the tie between Latino children and all children with books, a tie that can dramatically both enrich their lives and affect their horizons? How do I continue to write and submit to a publishing community that remains undiverse, and often disinterested in an alternate aesthetic? How do I encourage the young to develop their skills and believe that language liberates us? How do I engage the interest of educators and parents in changing the reality that our national literature does not yet fully reflect our diversity, in seeing art as part of the solution to our national fragmentation? I return to the words of T.S. Eliot: "For us, there is only the trying/ The rest is not our business."

Practice Inclusivity

WHAT IS LABELED "identity politics," our clustering at meetings based on our gender, ethnicity, class, etc., though explainable, often impedes our ability to strengthen our interdependence, and ultimately our hope for survival as a species. We arrive at a planning meeting or a National Endowment of the Arts poetry panel with our assumptions. Can I remain open to the help and ideas of those in positions of dominance? Can I ever fully learn that barrio organizers and writers may have more to teach me than do college presidents and poet laureates? Can I become a better self-monitor, again living in uncertainty and ambiguity, assessing when silence is cowardice and when it is essential so that the seldom-heard can guide? I think of a friend's stunning lilac bush, unnoticed for years due to aggressive honeysuckle, that when given space and light, rose to a stunning 15 feet of blooms. How do I become more alert to the capacities of those who, through no fault of their own, are undervalued because their skin is dark or their bank account low or their accent thick? I'm reminded of a masseuse's recent comment to a friend: "You need plenty work." I'm still smiling over that assessment. Don't we all!

HOW DO I STAY MINDFUL OF CONTEXT? I've known some highly intelligent people who are passionate about change but highly ineffective. Why? They are so tangled in their often-accurate pronouncements, so busy re-forming the world that they don't watch how others respond. Such people might argue that they don't care how others react, that they have a truth to tell, which is legitimate. If, however, we hope to inspire others to join us, if we seek to snag their minds and hearts and energy, don't we need to notice if they can hear us? In developing a repertoire of approaches, we increase our capacities and also learn to be more attentive to others, to what they say and to what they feel but may never say. Our U.S. society so prizes data, the quantifiable, that we can forget the knowledge and power of the emotions.

Practice Solitude

I WONDER IF I WAS BORN RUSHING, since it seems such a natural inclination. When we feel a sense of urgency about our work and when we've received a blessing such as the fellowship, our activity level can soar, and mine certainly did. In the last few years, though, I've made a conscious effort (prioritizing) to begin my day with quiet – a luxury, I'm aware, as are my many other privileges including safety, health, shelter, print, paper. I seek to resist the frenzy of my former life and thus to increase my reservoir of energy and creativity. Since I'm from the desert, I well know the importance of such pools. Among the channels that feed my reservoir are quiet, time to write, the natural world, family and friends, books, museums, travel. Each of us needs to know our sources of replenishment.

Practice Leaps of Faith

IN 1989, I LEFT THE SECURITY OF UNIVERSITY WORK, thanks in part to the fellowship experience. Surviving quite a bit of solitary international travel helped boost my courage. I'm hoping that I made a wise choice, that I am more useful as a writer and speaker. It's difficult if not impossible to clarify our callings, to honor them and refine our skills, without the daily silence for contemplation. Only then can we pause and ponder Rilke's "You must change your life." I purposely haven't used the words *leading* or *leadership*, concerned they're too often viewed as the goal rather than the means, the entitlement of some, rather than the work of all. I think again of the uplifting energy of geese in flight, their faith in their wings, their companions, and the invisible wind. Repeatedly, I seek to balance trusting myself, trusting others, trusting the Spirit.

I AM A LATINA dissatisfied with our global and national inequities and thus a woman committed to change. How do I/we control our egos, hungry as sharks, and continue to refine our abilities and discover new potentials? I am repeatedly moved by the concept that we are each a bundle of unique talents and experiences and have, then, unique work to do in the world, particular work that won't be done unless you do it, unless I do it. One of my children's poems ends with the words "growing / into my own green song." To use that analogy for a moment, if indeed you and I each have a voice like no other, how sad it would be if we didn't practice (that word again) and steadily increase our range, explore our capacities, take some risks, listen to ourselves, watch how others respond to our various music modes. Seeing our hard work and yet our pleasure in it, others just might decide to sing along, to join us on the journey. Imagine a world in which we were each transformed by our insistent, exuberant song.

I HAVE NEVER MET MANY OF MY IMPORTANT TEACHERS. They instruct me from the page, the power of words. Brother David Steindl-Rast writes in *A Listening Heart: The Art of Contemplative Living*, of the Benedictine practice "of wholehearted listening, as a sunflower grows from its seed." That's our challenge until the hour we die with grace, to create a healthy daily rhythm, time to burrow into our unique *corazones*, our essence, and then to rise with joy and gratitude, to struggle and labor together in the oppressive heat of prejudice and greed, to unfold our talents and gifts, small but imperative flames, beacons, all of us, bringing forth our deepest self-rising, rising.

A Group VII Kellogg fellow and a native of El Paso, Texas, Pat Mora writes poetry, nonfiction, and children's books. She received both the Kellogg National Leadership Fellowship and a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. The mother of three grown children, Pat is a frequent speaker at conferences and campuses. She divides her time between the northern Kentucky / Cincinnati area and Santa Fe, New Mexico. For further information visit www.patmora.com.

***Melinda K. Lackey** relates her personal journey to her dancing career from early childhood to adulthood, and the self-exploration that occurred when, at the age of 28, she was no longer able to dance professionally. "My only regret was that in dancing my way through life, I was off balance in my dedication to the chorus, even as a soloist. A commitment to beauty of line and form made me adept at fasting. I would dance until I dropped, when a performance needed more rehearsal. I so loved bringing harmony into physical existence in a shared space of bodies moving in rhythm, in sync, that I never learned to value or even recognize my limitations, my needs. And I literally never learned to speak." The author describes her search for spirituality in leadership from the perspective of dance and in the process discovers her own spirituality. She struggles with the issue of how to share her values with others without alienating those whose values may be rooted in different spiritual traditions or who do not espouse a faith at all. And most important, she finds her voice and offers her own definition of spirituality in leadership. Her story is a compelling journey of the courage to question, the patience to listen, a willingness to share experiences with others, the quest for collaboration, and the power of discovering one's own voice.*

SPIRITUALITY IN LEADERSHIP: MUST IT REMAIN THE UNSPOKEN?

By Melinda K. Lackey

AT THE AGE OF 10 I became a professional ballet dancer. I never enjoyed performance much. Rehearsal on stage was the best. No confining costumes, greasy makeup, or having hairpins jammed into my head to hold my hair just right. In rehearsal on stage I could let my hair down and feel its wisp on clean skin. I could enjoy the flow of my favorite chiffon skirt with whichever colored tights and leotard struck my fancy. With house lights up, I could see every seat and imagine the many different people to whom my body spoke. I could jump and be lifted to soar like a falcon in a cloudless, open sky, and share the joy of it all with others who also loved the sheer abandon we trained our bodies so hard to experience together.

I LOVED BEING A PART OF A PRODUCTION TEAM that relied on dancers, singers, musicians, directors, costumers, set decorators, stagehands, and lighting designers, each carrying out a discrete role to produce a show. Every part is critical to the development of the whole. Each body contributes its unique melody to an orchestrated chorus more grand and powerfully beautiful than individual self-expression could ever convey.

When I dance, it is as though my body hums a tune for the composer, in the language of the choreographer. No words are necessary.

TO ME THERE IS NOTHING MORE ENRICHING than giving oneself to be part of a team, a note on the scale. It returns a feeling, as Uta Hagen has said, of "loving the art in yourself," rather than loving yourself in the art. As a dancer, this happens in a community of sight and sound, when art is sought in solidarity. It is a spiritual experience.

I WAS RAISED IN THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. I was taught that God is within each of us, and no matter how hard we work, we can never realize our full potential to love and create beauty and justice in the world. I was brought up with the biblical charge to be "doers of the word ... not hearers only." Dancing was my expression of hope and faith in all that is greater than I. The discipline of dance is to develop your muscles and discover your gifts in application to needs and interests beyond your own, in action. Like prayer, words are not spoken but communicated. To dance is to lead and follow at once, in tempo. It is leadership as service.

MY ONLY REGRET was that in dancing my way through life, I was off balance in my dedication to the chorus, even as a soloist. A commitment to beauty of line and form made me adept at fasting. I would dance until I dropped, when a performance needed more rehearsal. I so loved bringing harmony into physical existence in a shared space of bodies moving in rhythm, in sync, that I never learned to value or even recognize my limitations, my needs.

And I literally never learned to speak.

I HUNG UP MY TOE SHOES, at age 28, to explore the potential of collective movement beyond the ballet mirrors, and to attend to another lifelong passion, learning. I wanted to share my dancer's sensibility of leadership as service, but I had no words for it. I could move through a jam-packed New York City sidewalk with grace and let my body communicate in ways to help others navigate. But I was far from comfortable with a language of words.

IN COLLEGE I combined my experiential education as a dancer with bits of theory, this and that – social-work principles, feminist values, leadership concepts. This led me to cofound two grassroots, community-based organizations to help marginalized populations gain a voice in relevant social policy decision-making to help others find and learn to assert their voices.

JUST OUT OF GRADUATE SCHOOL, I was running the second of these, a college-based leadership program designed to engage many of the 28,000 women on welfare enrolled at the City University of New York (CUNY). Our Community Leadership Program was assisting women to mobilize a student organization: Welfare Rights Initiative. It showed clear potential to transform individuals and systems. It had promise. I showed signs of exhaustion and burnout. I needed support.

THIS IS WHEN I FIRST HAPPENED UPON the Kellogg National Leadership Program (KNLP) on the Internet. I never expected to discover a charitable foundation with a mission statement for both its grantmaking and its own privately administered, multimillion-dollar program to cultivate leaders who "help people help themselves." I had to apply.

I hoped that becoming a Kellogg fellow would connect me to others exploring collaborative, inclusive leadership models for systems-level social change. I came to KNLP seeking peers.

I ALSO WANTED SUPPORT to integrate my values (my spirituality, if you will) with my public actions. My work, this new dance, was an outgrowth of my spiritual beliefs. To see God in all people is to know that leadership resides in all people, that we are all infinitely and uniquely capable of contributing to a better world. But without speaking of my faith, I could not tap and share the passion I conveyed as a dancer. What can you do when religious zealots misuse and misinterpret "faith" for political purposes, and thus cause a confused blending of divisive religious doctrine with spirituality? I withheld the primary language of my faith values, and opted for a broader language of moral concern. To be effective as a student and then teacher in a liberal, secular, public university – and in my community organizing work – I found it necessary to hold private the spiritual foundations of my leadership.

THIS REMAINS A GREAT CHALLENGE for me. How do I speak of my values in a way that does not alienate anyone whose values, however similar, are rooted in different spiritual traditions or who do not espouse a faith at all? If we do not share our deep yearnings and drives, how do we join with others to discover, articulate, and work toward common hopes for the future?

STRIVING TO INSPIRE collective action among women whose voices have been stifled and absent in policymaking, I needed to be as creative in my activism as in my dancing. I turned to art and creativity as leadership programming tools to tap authentic voice. *Creativity* is a harmless enough word. It is perceived purely as activity. Unlike *spirituality*, it does not connote alien belief systems. Creativity is, however, like spirituality, a good way to connect with inner self and rediscover a power to create that may have been left in childhood.

AT WELFARE RIGHTS INITIATIVE we incorporated creative writing in the leadership curriculum. We regularly drew pictures, took retreats, sang songs, moved to music, created collage treasure maps of our dreams for the future. Art and creativity proved useful in helping women realize their individual gifts and collective potential as change agents, in spite of internalized stigmas and barriers put in their way by the welfare system. Creativity is key to identity transformation and community empowerment, to be sure. Yet, the further I progressed in my work without uttering words like *spirit* or *soul*, the more I realized that leadership is undeniably tethered to spirituality. To borrow a C.S. Lewis metaphor, leadership (as service) and spirituality are like two blades on a pair of scissors – either one without the other simply won't cut it.

BUT WHAT DOES SPIRITUALITY MEAN? How does one speak of it? Since I became a Kellogg fellow, my new peers and I have posed the question many times, including to 700 fellows who've experienced KNLP. From them, we've collected more than 550 different definitions.

ONE KELLOGG FELLOW who works in philanthropy says, "Spirituality is a deep and reflective inner life that clarifies vision and energizes action for social justice." A New Orleans music teacher calls it "a communion of oneness." "Spirituality is ... a continual process of personal transformation, where we remove barriers to our thinking and actions and move beyond perceived limitations," explains a Los Angeles–based fellow who works with black men on issues of anger and healing. "Spirituality provides the moral compass that guides me every day, nourishes me, brings joy and gives meaning," reports an attorney and mother of three. Another mother, a potato farmer, describes spirituality as "contemplation, meditation and ... understanding that our lives are interconnected." "Spirituality is the way to depth," explains a sociologist who runs leadership programs designed to spark moral action among those who claim moral values.

WHAT DOES MELINDA K. LACKEY, former ballet dancer turned starter-upper of grassroots community action leadership models, say about spirituality? I managed to get through the first two years of a Kellogg fellowship without having ever to define spirituality for myself, much less to share anything so personal in public. In fact, in all my post-dance endeavors to choreograph poverty reduction from the margins, I had been quite busy cultivating safe spaces for women to find and learn to assert their voices, but I had not once included my own voice in the mix!

KNLP is a remarkable gift. Fellows are urged and supported to take risks, "get out of the box," and focus on what really matters. Right from the start, this fellowship challenged my silence.

AT OUR ORIENTATION SEMINAR, we 38 fellows of Group XVI convened in a beautiful, wooded Michigan retreat center called Yarrow. We were instructed at the outset: "You will bond." KNLP staff thought it would be "fun" to have us tell personal stories about our private lives during the first few meals, as an icebreaker. I sat barely eating, literally shivering, hoping my name would not be drawn. No one would escape this early bonding ritual, so part of me wished to be done with it and determined I would speak from my heart. I don't remember what all I shared, except that I concluded with my life mission statement, and confessed that these are words my pastor often uses in his closing benediction on Sunday:

> Go out into the world and bring peace.
>
> Render to no one evil for evil.
>
> Heal the afflicted. Strengthen the fainthearted. Support the weak.
>
> Honor all people.
>
> Love and serve the Lord.

THIS WAS BIG – bold for me! Although I was not voicing my own words, it was the first time I had ever so much as referenced my faith in public. It didn't seem to do any harm. I determined then that the KNLP fellowship was a chance to experiment with applying my primary language of faith in strategies for systems-level social change. I would muster courage to explore the potential of spirituality as a linker of people.

I QUICKLY CRAFTED a complex design for my three years, to culminate in a project that would use spirituality as a tool to cultivate leadership. When Kellogg again convened us, I had no qualms about presenting my Leadership Action Plan, and was eager for the assistance of my colleagues to fine-tune it. This was comfortable ground. I was in my element, presenting a proposal for leadership curricula that would train the graduates of my campus-based program as trainers for girls in high school – girls growing up in poverty who otherwise would not perceive a future in college, nor a pathway to leadership in their communities.

I HAD MUCH TO SAY in a 10-minute presentation, and spoke fast to convey the depth of my ingenious plan. My colleagues seemed to follow to a deep level, but they looked utterly exhausted when I surfaced, gasped for air, and invited their input. After quite some utter silence, an African-American woman, dollmaker, poet, artist, and director of a Detroit art museum, spoke. She must have viewed me as a pent-up, privileged white woman, all intellect and no emotion (I say this because that is how I perceived me then). "Mindy." She paused to capture all possible authority before sharing her wisdom: "Mindy, what you need to do for the next three years is to play in the mud."

EVERYONE BREATHED AT ONCE, and nodded in happy relief that one fellow had said it all. There I had it. My charge was to play in the mud – whatever that meant!

MY LEADERSHIP ACTION PLAN was scrapped. It was deemed too close to home, something I would do anyway, without KNLP. I grieved. I felt panic about contriving alternative plans. Then dawned a new perception: I am being pushed to go beyond what I already know. What an amazing gift!

But how do I "play in the mud"? What does it mean? Where do I start?

I EMBARKED ON a personal, spiritual quest. My Kellogg fellowship became much more than an outward journey. My big ideas to change the world would lead nowhere without doing hard inner work to first change myself.

In year two, I commenced an intense itinerary of international travel and study of models for conflict transformation. To this day, I keep a small sheet of notepaper tucked in my datebook for ongoing scribbles under the heading: "Leadership: What Difference Does Spirit Make?" Part of my quest to "play in the mud" and change myself was to study others in stages of transformation.

TOPPING THE LIST of life-changing experiences were meetings with community advocates, government officials, revolutionaries, service providers, spiritual leaders, artists, healers, and people pursuing peace from every which direction in Northern Ireland, South Africa, and Caux, Switzerland.

IN NORTHERN IRELAND, "the troubles" have sent people running in fear even from their own spiritual resources, much less the divisive, explosive doctrines of "the Church" which has clearly failed to shed light on any sort of pathway to peace. I came home from Belfast with a heavy heart, concluding that spirituality seems to make no difference whatsoever in leadership, when whole communities become addicted to conflict.

SOUTH AFRICA is at an entirely different stage of re-creating itself, and a three-week privileged glimpse left me radically hopeful. Where else in the world can one witness such a dramatic difference that spirituality makes in leadership than where Nelson Mandela, a loyal team member of the African National Congress, emerges from 27 years' imprisonment to forgive his oppressors and inspires the entire nation to forgive, as well?

IN CAUX, SWITZERLAND, 500 people from 65 countries, speaking more than 40 languages, came together for dialogue on themes related to corruption, fear, moving from victim to healer, restitution, and forgiveness. The work of this loosely structured international group called Moral Re-Armament is rooted in principles of honesty, purity, unselfishness, and love. Its starting point is the "readiness of individuals to make real in their own lives the changes they wish to see in society." A commitment to search for one's spiritual core in daily life is said to form the basis for "creative initiative and common action."

CONFERENCE ATTENDEES also carry out the cooking, housekeeping, and other tasks essential to manage the facility. I found myself daily peeling potatoes or slicing fruit alongside the former president of Rwanda, a duke of Scotland, a brightly orange-garbed Cambodian "peace symbol," a group of teenaged Latin American cultural activists, and others I came to know over the three weeks though we didn't speak each others' languages. We all wash mushrooms quite alike.

EACH BEDROOM of the Caux Conference Center offers a secluded balcony, and significant time is allotted for personal reflection. Participants are united not only around kitchen mixing bowls but also in a deep sense of privilege to experience awesome, mountaintop beauty overlooking Lake Geneva. I took many photos from my balcony, "playing in the mud" for three hours at sunset each evening. My inward journey was deep. By this time, I was learning so much on so many levels about spirituality in leadership, and how it is impacted by place, process, and people, that I could pop!

MY SELECTIONS for KNLP classroom learning proved nearly as experiential and transformative as the international travel. These included a Conflict Transformation Program at Eastern Mennonite University, where a class discussion yielded identification of "spiritual" leaders, such as Gandhi, Martin Luther King Jr., Dorothy Day, and others who have transformed society. Prophesy, humility, commitment to service, and the ability to draw out the gifts in others were among qualities noted by our class of international students who together brainstormed characteristics unique to these prominent catalysts for conflict transformation and systemic change.

"What difference does spirit make in leadership?" My list was growing.

TO CONTINUE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION, a major component of my third year Leadership Action Plan was a Cross-Fellowship Gathering (CFG) on Spirituality in Leadership. I worked collaboratively with two Kellogg peers, Tony Deifell and Carlos Monteagudo. We began by establishing a partnership among three private foundations to sponsor the CFG – the Fetzer Institute, Rockefeller Foundation, and W.K. Kellogg Foundation. A steering committee was formed of seven representative fellows to plan a series of gatherings for fellows whose work is committed to an integration of spirituality in leadership.

THE FIRST MEETING of the steering committee, in March 2000, was a standout example of the difference that spirituality makes. Traveling from six states, we gathered in New York City and developed a sense of community enough to craft a shared mission statement during the first (albeit 13-hour) day of our work together. The agenda was pre-set via conference calls, before we had even met together. Disagreement and diverse opinion were welcomed. There was considerable tension at times (particularly over language), but the group sought higher paths than to focus on personality differences or argue for individual control. The goals of the group came first; we continually articulated our role as stewards of what could become a much larger process. Between intense discussions, we meditated and sat in silence together. One participant led us in movement exercises to bring our bodies into the experience with our minds and spirits. Rotating facilitators did a remarkable job of allowing a tightly structured agenda to be refined continually. We managed to retain 20 minutes for quiet time in the afternoon, when crayons were used for creative visioning work. This elucidated a symbolic discourse that transcended problematic words like *spirituality* and *leadership* and embraced us all.

EVERYONE CONTRIBUTED so much of themselves: poetry, favorite quotes, and meaningful artifacts used as tools to stay grounded and focused on what really matters in life and leadership. Each was encouraged to lead and to follow, in service to the greater good.

THE RESULTS WERE ASTOUNDING. We came out of that meeting with a plan to convene 24 fellows from three programs for four days in August, and enough shared vision and trust to get the work done long-distance.

An application process was needed to limit participation. We posed the central question: What is spirituality to you, and how important is it in your task of being a leader?

It would only be fair for the steering committee to respond to the application, just as other participants would. Time to put up or shut up, for me.

I DEVOTED A FULL DAY to wrangling out a three-page definition of spirituality, and gradually whittled it to a half page, as slightly refined and reduced here:

> Spirituality is our inner life nourishment, grace, wisdom, lifeblood.
> It is pure love. Our very being.
>
> Spirituality is also our doing. It is how we go about digging deep
> to discover the shadow and light of our authentic self.
> Spirituality is our practice to perceive and pursue a fuller aliveness.
>
> As the ground of our being and doing ... spirituality is how we discover
> the gift of all gifts: our interconnectedness with a world of other complex,
> wild and wonderful spiritual beings ...
> As a leader and follower, this love ... challenges me to realize my full aliveness
> no more and no less than to realize yours. It is my unshakable belief in an
> unknown, infinite potential we share to forgive and celebrate our humanity, build on our differences, and steer
> our passions ... for the good of all.

There you have it, such as it is. In writing. My first utterance on spirituality in leadership. My own words.

EVEN IF there are few if any words on which we can agree to describe our source of being and doing, and even if good words ultimately inspire more our thoughts than our actions, won't we act on what inspires us by first voicing it? Won't we move closer to realizing common hopes if we share our dreams and values? Can we act without a practice for it? Whether teacher, preacher, social worker, artist, activist, mother, father, sister, brother, can we help create a fertile soil for sharing such personal values, so that we don't hold our values in a private place, and live out our daily lives someplace else?

WITH LESS THAN SIX MONTHS remaining in my KNLP fellowship, it dawned on me that I had intuitively designed my outward journey by necessity to mirror and strengthen my inner explorations. Integration. Not a bad idea. The more I shared my thinking about spirituality in leadership, the more I grasped a need for as much hard play as hard work in my spiritual practice. "Playing in the mud" evolved to include praying, daydreaming, reading, creative writing, treadmilling, lovemaking, theater, movies, hiking, long walks on the beach, dancing again, and the basic art of doing nothing, learning to caress the details of life.

I WAS LEARNING, as Gail Straub suggests in *The Rhythm of Compassion*, to breathe in and breathe out; finding, on occasion, a symmetry of care for the soul and care for the world. I was carving a balance, like those two blades of the scissors. The benefits of private reflection were not new to me. But my colleagues in Group XVI created a safe public platform on which I learned to step out, curl my toes over the edge, and plunge deeply into a reflective expanse of community with friends, colleagues, and family that was brand new and wonderfully soothing. That KNLP regularly plucked me from my fast-paced New York City environs to be dropped in the woods, or the beach, or on a mountain at sunset, did not hurt either. Part of my inhale was an experience of the most profound appreciation for the beauty in nature.

I AM JUST ONE of more than 700 "leaders" for whom a Kellogg fellowship was a pilgrimage to connect self with soul, to discover the value in uncovering personal wounds, shadows, inconsistencies, self-judgments. Using creativity to tap authentic self, and finally giving voice to my spiritual values, instilled a lasting, luscious, slow dance within. Today, I feel I can join in a tarantella with you and still maintain my inner adagio.

KNLP provided peer support, access to beauty, inspiration, and distance from daily activity to grasp new ideas and perceive new ways to do better things.

Integrating spirituality in leadership has stretched me to function on several planes at once: physical, spiritual, intellectual, and emotional. It has influenced my teaching. I communicate better by using story and creating images for concepts I want to explain.

JUST AS I LEARN to voice my personal values and motivations, I can better cultivate space for students to share their deep yearnings and profound questions, and be heard. What will they think if I don't answer every question? I have always believed in my students. Now I believe in myself enough to act on my beliefs. To encourage questions rather than offer answers feels like getting lost in the art of teaching. It almost feels like dancing. I can teach, not to have students think highly of me, but with a goal to inspire their high thinking of themselves.

I BELIEVE THAT LEADERS ARE SOULFUL PEOPLE. Leadership is quite like art. It translates the universal to inspire us. And the questions are key. Art does not preach or instruct or judge. It reflects and inspires. It projects an image of the world as it is and as it can be. The best in me must merge with the best in you to produce together what's best for us all. Whatever our differences, we have the capacity to unite around common hopes for the future; to create, to make visible, real, and tangible the vision inspired in service to our highest, authentic selves.

IN AUGUST 2000, at a lovely wooded, lakeside Massachusetts conference center, I sat in the sun, half daydreaming through a predictably leadership-oriented workshop, sipping cool bottled water and savoring a last free fruit square, on a last day of the last gathering with my beloved colleagues of the last KNLP cohort. For the first time ever, I articulated a mission statement for my life in my own words. Not only did I find courage to dig deep and put words of personal import on paper in a quick exercise that could demand public sharing; after 20 minutes, when our workshop leader asked the dreaded "Would some of you like to volunteer to share your mission statements, or shall I call on you?" I shot my hand in the air! There were no other volunteers. With only a brief disclaimer about how "This is merely freewrite," I asserted: "I'll share my mission statement."

> My mission is to deepen and openly share my faith to:
> Permit my full powers of imagination, sensation, suffering, intellect, and passion.
> Swim in gratitude,
> Play in the mud.

Connect with brokenness, yours and my own.
See the world as it can be.
Hold hope.
Honor, love, encourage and learn from all people.
Be intimately joined with humanity
in service to a world of beauty, freedom, love and justice unfathomed.

AS A KELLOGG FELLOW I learned to lean into my spiritual source, and let my own words soar to music. As a dancer who never spoke, I feel I've learned to sing!

After a career as a professional ballet dancer, Melinda Lackey entered Hunter College in 1989, and rapidly set about cofounding two grassroots, community-based organizations to empower new voices and visions in public policy decision-making. A Group XVI Kellogg fellow, Melinda helped form a college-credit-bearing community leadership program at Welfare Rights Initiative that supports the capacity of women on welfare to take their place on the public policy dance floor.

Susan Sygall *tells her story of developing a vision to create an international organization devoted to empowering people with disabilities. The Women's Institute on Leadership and Disability (WILD), an international organization, grew out of Susan's work and that of the first group of 35 participants from around the world. The author believes leadership requires courage, risk-taking, vision, and the commitment to implement that vision to make a difference in the lives of others. Along the path, it is important to celebrate successes in order to encourage and empower one another, as well as sustain leadership development. Susan Sygall's personal leadership and commitment was recently recognized when she received a MacArthur fellowship in 2000 for her work in behalf of others.*

LOUD, PROUD, AND PASSIONATE

Women with Disabilities Emerge in Beijing

By Susan Sygall

So much inside to sing
caged by limited perceptions
free your wings from the ordinary
soar to the boundaries of your dreams

– Susan Sygall

IN 1975, in Berkeley, California, a few other women with disabilities and I started one of the first disabled women's support groups. I was 22 years old and it had been only four years since I became a "wheelchair rider." In this small group of women, we talked about the discrimination we had experienced, and faced our fears together. We challenged old stereotypes and slowly began to forge a new paradigm for ourselves as women with disabilities. Yes, we were women who experienced double discrimination, based on both disability and gender, but we also began to experience double passion and double pride. We began to feel proud to be women and proud to be a part of a new culture, a culture of women with disabilities, creating our own stories, our own history, our own poetry, and our own sense of positive identity.

IN THE ENSUING 25 YEARS I continued to follow my passion: the empowerment of people with disabilities, and especially of women and girls with disabilities. I cofounded a sport and recreation program by and for persons with disabilities and then an international leadership-training program for persons with disabilities. My international travels gave me the privilege of meeting people with disabilities around the world.

WHEN I FIRST HEARD about the Fourth UN World Conference on Women to be held in the fall of 1995, I knew immediately that Beijing would be the place at which women with disabilities would finally emerge as a powerful force in the women's movement. Recalling the passionate voices of the women with disabilities whom I had met over the years, I knew with certainty that, at this critical juncture for the rights of the world's women, disabled women would be heard! Meeting with other disabled women activists and our allies from around the world, we agreed to organize a forum to articulate our issues and formulate our strategies for impacting the conferences as a diverse but unified force. One day before the NGO Forum, 200 women with disabilities from around the world made their way to an out-of-the-way hotel outside of Beijing, where we set an international agenda for women with disabilities at the International Symposium for Women with Disabilities.

MORE THAN 350 WOMEN with disabilities participated in the 1995 NGO Forum and Fourth UN World Conference on Women, fueled by determination to be fully included in the international women's movements for equality and human rights. The dynamic participation of women with disabilities, in spite of innumerable access barriers (such as complete inaccessibility to all workshops, no sign language interpreters and no materials in Braille or other alternate formats) brought international recognition to our power and our concerns, and strengthened the growing network of disabled women and girls around the world.

HOW WOULD I DESCRIBE MY EXPERIENCE in Beijing? I would say it was the best of times and it was the worst of times. It was the best of times because women with disabilities were finally recognized as a vital, integral part of the women's movement. It was the worst of times because the physical and communication barriers that women with disabilities had to endure served as continual reminders of the blatant disregard that we receive around the world, even at a conference dedicated to the rights of women.

AS A LEADER IN BEIJING, I was often frustrated and disillusioned. Complaints came both from inside and outside the disabled women's community, and at the most trying moments, it was difficult to imagine that anything positive would emerge from this experience. Techniques that we use in the United States to win our rights, such as being reasonable, loud, and persistent, were not successful in Beijing. Organizing, discussion, public protest, and activism were limited by a different set of cultural practices and government restrictions. The International Symposium for Women with Disabilities was held only after officials, in eleventh-hour negotiations, granted a "permit," never before mentioned but suddenly deemed both imperative and unavailable, a few hours before the event. At the NGO Forum, when a workshop about women with disabilities' issues was found to be located on the third floor of a building with no elevators, a group of angry disabled women began a spontaneous protest. This first public demonstration at the Beijing conferences had consequences: the sudden and unexplained "unavailability" of the only minimally accessible transportation to the conference site. In other words, women with disabilities would no longer be permitted to attend the NGO Forum. Only through late-night interventions by the NGO Forum organizing committee was this "misunderstanding" cleared up. The buses and their makeshift ramps rumbled up to our hotel in the morning.

FOR ME EVERY DAY WAS A CONSTANT BATTLE and yet deep inside I knew that all the hardships would somehow be worth it. The demonstration received coverage on many international television networks, and women with disabilities were looked upon with new respect. We were no longer viewed as a submissive, unnoticed group of women. We were loud and we were proud, and we were finally being recognized.

IN THE YEAR FOLLOWING BEIJING, Mobility International USA (MIUSA) built on the solidarity and strength gathered in the turmoil of the UN women's conference. With support from the W.K. Kellogg Foundation, MIUSA created and implemented a new cross-cultural, gender focused, disability rights training model. The Women's Institute on Leadership and Disability, affectionately referred to as "WILD," offered opportunities for 35 women with disabilities from around the world to develop skills and resources for leadership. WILD participants, from 25 countries, used over 20 spoken languages and four sign languages. Among this new sisterhood were women who are blind; deaf; have low vision; are paraplegic or quadriplegic due to polio, spinal cord injury, arthritis, or muscular dystrophy; have amputations of leg or arm; walk with crutches or canes; or are of short stature.

AT WILD, rather than seeking to "teach leadership," MIUSA created an environment of empowerment, facilitating a variety of activities through which women with disabilities could discover their own leadership strengths and learn new skills and ideas from their peers. We held interactive workshops on law and policy, community organizing, project development, economic empowerment, and education. We exchanged stories from around the world, describing both discrimination and the actions that women with disabilities are taking to make change, step into leadership, and create more empowering organizations. We camped at the Oregon coast, setting up our own tents and cooking over a campfire as we traded songs and stories in Russian, Spanish, French, English, and the four sign languages. We rafted down the roaring McKenzie River, using adaptive equipment so that women of all disabilities could navigate the waters with their raftmates. We climbed 40 feet into the treetops as part of an Outward Bound–type challenge course, an experience which served as a reference point and a metaphor for the changes we need to make, not only in the preconceptions of others, but in our own perceptions of ourselves and our abilities.

FOLLOWING WILD, MIUSA went on to organize the first International Symposium on Microcredit for Women with Disabilities, based on the recommendations from the women who participated in the WILD program.

Lessons Learned

THE LESSONS LEARNED during this and subsequent experiences over the next few years have stayed with me and have been seeds for other insights in my journey as a leader.

I have learned that creating an empowering environment is crucial to leadership development. Because different women are empowered by different types of experiences, it is vital to have a variety of experiences to meet the different skills and needs of the delegates.

I HAVE LEARNED the importance of solidarity and interchange among all disabled people of the world, particularly among women with disabilities. Women with disabilities at WILD felt the power, support, and love of the disabled women who, although coming from such different backgrounds, had found a new family, a new pride, and a new culture of which they were part. Leadership challenges for those of us in disability movements are somewhat unique in that most of us have not had our culture – "disability culture" – passed down from our families, as do many activists in other oppressed cultural groups. Our culture must be created and passed among the rare peers who have had opportunities to see their disability as a source of pride rather than pity. As my colleague Omowale Saterwhite (Kellogg fellow Group VII) declared to many a MIUSA leadership workshop group:

"Those who are oppressed cannot expect those who oppress them to liberate them. An oppressed people must liberate themselves." These words have rung as equally true in leadership workshops for young people with disabilities in the United States as in Micronesia, Bosnia, and Vietnam.

THE IMPORTANCE OF FRAMING DISABILITY RIGHTS as human rights is a lesson that resonates through all of my experiences. As a Kellogg fellow, I visited South Africa, Mexico, China, and parts of Europe, and I have met disability rights activists in many diverse countries. In every country, I heard admonishments about "cultural sensitivity" used to dampen interchange and activism for disability rights. However, again and again, individuals with disabilities have taught me that their desire for equal access to education, employment, health care, and participation in the community is not "culturally sensitive." Citizens of each country, including members of oppressed sectors of the community, must enact culturally appropriate mechanisms to assure individual rights, but the rights of people with disabilities are human rights that override cultural sensibilities, practices, or traditions.

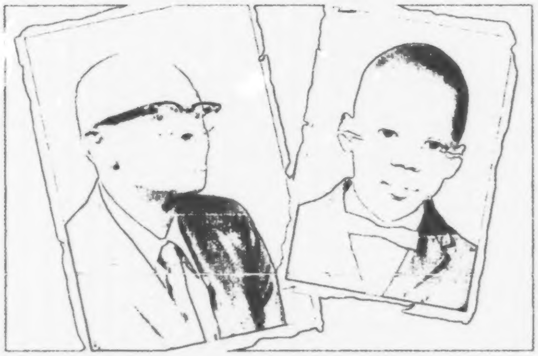
I HAVE LEARNED that out of what seems to be "a worst experience," a birth of new ideas and programs can emerge. Five years have passed since the Beijing conference. Looking back on my experiences, I have learned that we cannot always know at the moment the impact of a situation, no matter how positive or negative it may seem at the time. The Chinese character for "crisis" contains the element "opportunity."

I HAVE LEARNED to surround myself with talented people who have a vision similar to mine, and with people who complement my skills, because all tasks take teamwork. "A task without a vision is drudgery, a vision without a task is but a dream, but a task with a vision can change the world." (Black Elk, Oglala Sioux)

FINALLY, I have learned to take risks and not to be stopped or overwhelmed by the enormity of problems or how much there is to be done. I am doing my part "to change the world," even though I know I have only scratched the surface. "It is not incumbent upon you to complete the work. But neither are you free to desist from it," the Talmud tells us

AND FINALLY: CELEBRATION is the best antidote to burnout. To paraphrase, Emma Goldman said: "If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution!" Always celebrate your victories, large and small.

Susan Sygall, a Group VII Kellogg fellow, is the cofounder and executive director of Mobility International USA, a nonprofit organization that promotes leadership and disability-rights training in cross-cultural environments to persons with and without disabilities throughout the world. She is the coauthor of several books and an internationally renowned speaker and consultant on issues of disability, with a special focus on women with disabilities. She is the recipient of many awards including Disabled American of the Year, awarded by President Clinton in 1996. Ms. Sygall holds a bachelor's degree from the University of California, Berkeley, and a master's degree from the University of Oregon. She received a MacArthur fellowship in 2000.



__Royal P. Walker Jr.__ details his personal Kellogg fellowship journey and reflects on his childhood experiences of growing up in Mississippi. In the midst of introspection, he discovered again the significance of his strong relationship with his grandfather. Royal's journey is both physical and internal. One takes him to different locations around the world; the other takes him into his own world of being. By far, the more powerful of the two is the internal journey. There he discovers the sacrifices of his ancestors, and realizes his own responsibility to contribute to the growth of future generations. He clearly travels the path of balancing the reality of the historical past with the responsibility for building a better future for others. The author concludes, "In a way, I suppose I will always be that little boy sitting on the front porch, listening to the voices of the past and hearing the call of the future, the voices of our children." The reader will find that Royal is still very much on his journey, but he now has a much clearer road map for what he can do to impact the future as an optimistic leader.

CHILD OF THE MISSISSIPPI DELTA

By Royal P. Walker Jr.

AS A YOUNG BLACK BOY growing up in a single-parent household on the flat land of the Mississippi Delta, I wondered, as most children do, "Who am I?" I lived in a community, state, and country where institutions, affecting the lives of my family members, and me, informed us that our character and contributions were limited by the color of our skin. At the time, many people saw my home state of Mississippi as the embodiment of Southern segregation. Some still do.

I WAS A YOUNG CHILD at the beginning of the integration movement in Mississippi, and so was not aware of the dynamic changes that were occurring around me. Nor did I realize how profoundly those changes would impact the direction of my own life. Today, however, I often reflect on the conversations with my grandfather on the front porch of our old white four-room house. My grandfather was a country Baptist preacher, a community and civil rights activist, a teacher, a principal, and school bus driver in the small, rural community of Rome, Mississippi. He was my HERO! Even with his many vocations, his hands bore calluses from working long days in the white cottonfields of Delta plantations. He told me of the inspiring efforts of such civil rights activists and friends as Medgar Evers and Fannie Lou Hammer. Of all our conversations, the one that most influenced me was his admonition, *Mississippi will never progress economically or morally until white and black folks can pray, work, and play together under the eyes of one God and one flag.* I believe he was right! It is ironic that 30 years after his profound challenge, state leaders still struggle with whether Mississippi will remove its mask of historical segregation and embrace enlightened justice or if the state will continue to celebrate a closed society that turned its back on many of its sons and daughters.

BECAUSE OF THE TIMING OF MY BIRTH, I realize now how much I am a benefactor of the civil rights movement. In a strange way, I have always been jealous of not suffering the wrath of a Bo Conner, the terror of unleashed dogs, or the stinging power of fire hoses. I ask myself, Did my personal lineage pay the price? Is it their sacrifices that made possible much of what my generation has been able to accomplish? Does the very essence of my existence, my spiritual being and moral fiber, rest on the torn and weary backs of my ancestors? Am I the voice of a slave? Do I give voice today to those who fought for human and civil rights? Have those who came before me given root to the branches in my own family? Has my family history been cultivated and nurtured to give blossom to the colors of life while celebrating the rich blessing of a living God? If the answers to these questions are "yes," then I am deeply grateful and proud to be the heir of my ancestors' powerful legacy. With this gratitude and pride, however, comes the personal challenge to move the legacy forward in ways that will stand the test of centuries for my two daughters and future grandchildren. As an African-American who believes in the power of effective leadership, I am willing to confront discrimination in the boardrooms, classrooms, communities, and institutions where racism cloaks itself as a friend, colleague, and confidante. To do less is a betrayal of those who came before in the struggle to create a more just and humane society for all of us.

AS A CHILD OF THE '60S, I stood on the bridge between segregation and integration. I experienced the contradiction of life in both worlds among those who lived on the rich black soil of the Delta. I experienced the life of an 8-year-old black boy who was slapped for sitting at a green counter seat of a soda fountain in the front-street drugstore in Drew, Mississippi. I also experienced the life of a teenager who was selected by a predominantly white faculty as the first and only black student to be inducted into the Hall of Fame of the historically white Drew High School, with its strong traditions of Confederate heritage and Southern pride. These very different experiences – one hurtful and humiliating, the other ennobling and encouraging – helped shape my character and gave me the determination to make a difference in the world in which I live. They certainly have influenced how I view the world. They have given meaning to my understanding of tolerance, inclusiveness, fairness, equality, and justice. They have also given meaning to self-understanding. Each of us is forced by nature, man, and God to look into the mirror and see ourselves as well as our heritage. As I seek self-knowledge, I struggle to answer the difficult question, "Who really am I as a husband, father, son, friend, neighbor, man, and a creation of God?"

MY LEADERSHIP EXPERIENCES are the product of my personal journey and choices I have made. It is a journey to determine who I am, discovering the good, the bad, and yes, sometimes the ugly. Life is a journey we all travel for ourselves, although we may be blessed to have company along the way. The roads traveled on my journey, all of which began with my memories of childhood conversations with my grandfather, are full of joys, surprises, tears, pain, and often sadness.

ON THESE ROADS, I have also encountered many "learning exits." Each exit taken has had a significant impact on my growth as a leader and development as a person committed to others. I invite you to take several of these exits with me. In the process, I trust you may begin the discovery of yourself and the potential you possess for making a difference in the lives of others.

Exit #1 (Durham, North Carolina, June 26, 1998)

BECAUSE OF MY EXPERIENCES AS A CHILD, I feel that at the core of America's struggle for justice is the issue of race. It remains as much a challenge today as it was in previous generations. As a part of the Kellogg National Leadership Program's learning opportunities, I took a learning exit to Durham, North Carolina, on June 26, 1998, to visit with Dr. John Hope Franklin, chairman of President Clinton's Advisory Board on Race Relations. Dr. Franklin is a renowned African-American and an esteemed, beloved historian whose particular expertise is black history. At age 83, Dr. Franklin is still a very active, productive scholar who remains sharp and committed to the values he has demonstrated through his writings, speaking, and public service. He is very much in touch with the pulse of America.

IN THIS ONETIME SEGREGATED DIXIE COMMUNITY, I met Dr. Franklin, a soft-spoken Southern gentleman, at his modest home in a once all-white neighborhood. The family photographs in his living room reveal the quiet, soft side of this remarkable man, who is committed to the traditions of family, community, nation, and God. Dr. Franklin reminded me of my grandfather, not only in his appearance and mannerisms, but also in his sense of hope for America's future. Dr. Franklin's comment to me – "Attitudes can be changed, even racist attitudes" – struck an optimistic chord that permeated our conversation. He expressed openly his optimism about the future for positive race and gender relationships for my children and their children. He felt that as a nation we have made real progress in building stronger relationships among the races. The progress is evident, though sometimes taken for granted by people of color, in the opportunities that are now available which were not available to those who came before us. Among these opportunities, Dr. Franklin listed education, employment, and decent housing. Even with his optimistic views, however, he freely admitted that we still have much work to do as a people struggling to build a just and free nation. After sitting in the company of this remarkable person and appreciating the depth of his wisdom and experiences, it was obvious why President Clinton requested that Dr. Franklin chair the President's Advisory Board on Race Relations.

THROUGHOUT MY CONVERSATION WITH DR. FRANKLIN, I found myself carried back to the front porch in the heat of the Mississippi Delta, listening to the words of my grandfather. I could hear him as if he were speaking from Heaven, telling me not to forget the leadership challenge he gave me for his beloved Mississippi: *One God, One Flag.* After my visit with Dr. Franklin, I realized more than ever that the challenges of leadership and the social justice imperative of inclusion are part of the responsibility of every African-American born into my generation in the Mississippi Delta. The challenge cannot be met until African-Americans and white Americans are willing to stand together and say, no more – no more hatred, no more fear, and no more divisiveness. We must not allow anyone to divide us as God's people. Each of us must face our own challenges and determine what we can do to provide real solutions to the longstanding problems of discrimination, exclusion, and racism.

IT REQUIRES COURAGE TO BE INVOLVED, guided by our elders' wisdom, which allows leaders to listen to the voices of the past in building a vision of a brighter future. The power of Dr. Franklin's thoughtful insights, combined with the memories of my grandfather's words, have inspired me to continue my own travels, and to commit to leave the world a better place than I found it. Such a goal is the only option to make me a worthy recipient of the gifts bestowed by Dr. Franklin, my grandfather, and countless unnamed heroes among African-Americans whose lives have created a map for justice and freedom based on the individual dignity and respect of each person. This was a powerful lesson learned at this exit and one for which I shall always be grateful.

Exit #2 (The Netherlands – Amsterdam and The Hague – July 26–30, 1998)

I DID NOT TAKE THIS EXIT ALONE. My wife, Evelyn, joined me at this exit. We were curious and intrigued about what was to be learned by our stopover in the Netherlands. Little did we know this would be a place of reflection and renewal! As we entered the Anne Frank Center on a cloudy, rainy afternoon, we saw people lined up for several blocks, like tiny toy soldiers. What could be so meaningful as to make people stand in this weather for hours? The purpose of our visit was to explore the impact of the Center's education programs on prejudice, discrimination, and racism. Evelyn and I soon discovered that the Center had much more to teach us about society and ourselves than we could possibly have imagined!

AS WE STOOD IN THE HIDDEN QUARTERS where Anne Frank and her family took refuge from the Nazi regime, I saw the faces of many of our ancestors hiding as they traveled the Underground Railroad seeking freedom from slavery. We were challenged to hold back tears as our docent told of the plight of the Jews. We were moved by the horrific atrocities that the Jews suffered under the Nazis, and, at the same time, felt the reopening of the wounds of our own lineage's suffering and pain. I could see my great-great-grandfather coming out only at night to find food and to make his way north to freedom. As I stood in the small room in Amsterdam, my imagination took control of my emotions. I was transported back to the white "goldfields" (cotton) of Mississippi of another century, kneeling next to my great-great-grandfather under the cloak of darkness, searching for what most black slaves hungered for: "Mother Freedom!" The realization that the wrath of hatred and ignorance has destroyed life throughout the centuries was a defining moment for me. I felt a profound sense of "oneness" with all of God's people who have suffered at the hands of conquerors. The story of the Mississippi Delta was only one chapter – although my own story – in a long history of the human struggle for justice, freedom, and survival. As someone committed to effective leadership, I now clearly understand that my cause is not an island. If one person suffers from injustices, we all suffer! If the dignity of one person is diminished, we all are diminished!

AS WE BEGIN THE 21ST CENTURY, effective leaders must realize that in a shrinking world it will require courage to stand for what is right and just, regardless of who we are or whom we are with at the moment. This challenge of doing what is right was another gift from my grandfather. While it has been renewed several times during my life, the lesson of what it meant was never made so clear to me as when Evelyn and I stood in a small room in Amsterdam thousands of miles from our home in the Delta.

Exit #3 (China – Beijing and Shanghai – April 22–May 7, 1999)

AMID THE EXPLORATIONS OF SELF and leadership afforded by the Kellogg National Leadership Program, I had an opportunity to travel to China, a part of the world that was even farther from Mississippi than was Europe. I took this exit both with expectations and reservations because of my fear of the unknown and the mystique with which many Americans view China. Not knowing what to expect, I found myself opening to the excitement of new experiences and new opportunities to learn about a different culture. I found China to be a land where honor, tradition, respect, and community are hallmarks of the people's spirits and soul. It is today in the process of rapid transformation, yet there is much in China that appears to have changed little since imperial times.

For example, the Chinese people still promote core values that have been a part of 5,000 years of Chinese traditions: morality, knowledge, physical fitness, the arts, and music. I found these core values reflected throughout the families, schools, and community centers that I visited. China is different from where I grew up in the Mississippi Delta and where I live today; however, I find myself drawn to the core values in finding the connection between who I am and who the Chinese people are. The African-American generation of my grandfather also held to the core values that I identified in my brief visit to China, and I suspect that these values have sustained African-Americans throughout the ages in much the same way that they have sustained Chinese life.

AS AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN MAN of a different generation than my grandfather in Mississippi, I found myself again on the bridge of transition. On one side of the bridge, I see tradition and old ways, and on the other, I see progress and new ways. As leaders, must we make a choice to travel one way or the other? No. I believe it is not one or the other, but a synergy that is the right choice. The core values shared with me through my grandfather's teachings can be used by the leadership of my generation as an infrastructure to foster a positive future for all people. I have seen African-Americans progress through the opportunities of employment, health care, education, community economic development, and decent housing. I have experienced the songs and music of the Mississippi Delta and celebrated the joys of creative arts and music that bring people together in ways that social structure can never effect. Just as I felt the connections of culture and values among the Chinese people, I believe core values have been at the heart of ethical leadership and sustainability of the black community of the Delta.

WHILE THE EXPERIENCES IN MY FAMILY have been positive, I have also seen the erosion of core values held by earlier generations. The erosion creates a crossroads for progress for my own generation in addressing the conflict between cultural integration and assimilation. It is a very real challenge to the rich heritage of ethical and moral leadership among black communities that was so prevalent among my grandfather's generation. The paradoxes of leadership are often the choices we make, the directions we choose, and the difficulties of knowing what is the right choice.

REGARDLESS OF THE ULTIMATE CHOICES WE MAKE, African-American leaders must hold to the hope of redemption as revealed to Paul on the road to Damascus. My grandfather and future generations would expect no less. As an effective leader, I also recognize that I must reflect the core values of my family in my daily life in ways that affirm the very best of the human spirit. The core values I identified in China gave me confidence that people the world over face similar choices, and the cultural connections I saw reduced the fear and anxiety of the unknown.

Exit #4 (South Africa – Capetown, Durban, Johannesburg and Soweto – June 17–July 1, 1999)

ON JUNE 17, 1999, I stepped off a South African plane and stepped onto the soil of what my grandfather called the motherland. This was the first time I had set foot on the continent of Africa; however, there was an overwhelming feeling that I had been there before. Perhaps it was my imagination playing tricks on my mind, or perhaps it was my heart feeling peace upon arriving home after a long journey. Who knows? The moment was important to me because I felt a deep and tremendous rush of power and security. For the first time in my life, I felt the power of being a part of a national majority. To be in a country where a black man held the office of president gave me such a euphoric feeling of pride and hope that it was difficult to contain my excitement and joy!

SOON, REALITY REARED ITS HEAD. As I traveled into the city of Capetown, I could see what remained from the struggles of South Africa for the liberation and freedom of her peoples. The brief ride from the airport into town removed the fleeting moment of my romantic ideals and replaced them with the twin realities of discrimination and oppression.

MORE THAN 40 YEARS of apartheid and institutionalized racial oppression left a heavy burden of social disparities and scars on both the people and the land. In many ways, there is a clear connection between the apartheid era of South Africa and the slavery periods and pre–civil rights movements in the United States. In my mind, I was once again in the front-street drugstore in Drew, Mississippi. But this time, I was the owner of the drugstore. I had to ask myself how I would use this newly discovered power. Would I be philosophical or would I be supportive of inflicting revenge on former oppressors? Would I have the strength to embrace forgiveness and reconciliation? As I stood on Robben Island, the prison of Nelson Mandela and others, I found myself holding back feelings of pain and sadness, as well as tears of frustration for the suffering caused by apartheid. At the same time, I had a sense of pride in the moral fiber that allowed oppressed people to sustain themselves in ways that their oppressors would never understand.

IN THE PROCESS OF MY EMOTIONAL STRUGGLE, I found the answer of reconciliation within myself. I also discovered the answer in the deep black eyes of a former prisoner of this island jail. I saw the desire to forgive. and in his voice I heard the need for healing and reconciliation. He clearly understood that if South Africa was to become a united nation for all people, the country needed all of the human and financial resources as well as the moral authority of all of her people. He obviously knew what my grandfather knew: *The solutions to Mississippi problems are not black versus white but right versus wrong [justice versus injustice] solutions,* my grandfather would say. *No matter where you are or who you are with, always do what you feel in your heart is right, and justice will be served.*

AS AN AFRICAN-AMERICAN LEADER, I was impressed with the healing and forgiveness expressed by the people I met in South Africa. Taking the learning exit affirmed that leaders must put their cause and their community before themselves. Effective leadership is truly based on a selflessness and commitment to serve others. This sense of community and justice are what Martin Luther King Jr., Medgar Evers, and my grandfather fostered in their work, their families, and ultimately in their deaths. My trip to South Africa led me back to the character and moral dignity of community leaders in Mississippi, and I found myself admiring the servant leadership of everyday leaders in my home state. In a way, I left my community only to discover it again in North Carolina, the Netherlands, China, and South Africa. Mississippi community leaders might not change an entire nation in the manner of a Nelson Mandela, but they possess the same courage, strength of character, vision, and value for life that allowed them to become the challengers of the status quo and the moral compass for an entire generation.

Exit #5: Conclusion (Jackson, Mississippi, January 2001)

IN MY PERSONAL AND PROFESSIONAL LIFE, I have advanced my grandfather's wisdom and worked to broaden his words of wisdom around issues of inclusion, fairness, and justice. Following his example, I continue to fight for the inclusion of all in solving the social challenges in our communities. I also recognize the importance of celebration of victories when prejudice, hate, and discrimination are cast aside. I started my personal leadership journey to learn about myself and to better prepare to address critical social ills of our society. In the process, I not only discovered the differences in the world, but more important, I learned to see the connections that bind all of us to one another. I also more completely grew to understand who I am and why I have developed as I have from a small black child of the Delta to an African-American leader passionate about my home state, my community, and my family. I now know that I am a person who believes in and cherishes traditional core values. I am committed to servant leadership in my family, church, work, and community. I understand, embrace, and stand up for what is right and just. I know that I cannot solve problems in isolation, but require the help of others who are willing to advance a shared vision. I know that I have to be faithful to my heritage, but not be a slave to it. I more clearly understand my own humanity and have a sense of my being a person who can make a difference in the lives of others.

IT IS NOT EASY TO WRITE ABOUT one's personal journey, particularly when there has been considerable pain along the roads. What has provided me the strength to persevere has been my faith, my family, and an optimistic belief in a better tomorrow. Much of this was instilled by my grandfather's discussions with me long before I was able to recognize the universality of his message. In a way, I suppose I will always be that little boy sitting on the front porch, listening to the voices of the past and hearing the call of the future, the voices of our children.

OUR TRAVELS CONTINUE to the end of our lives. There is no unmarked path until God sends his angels to bring each of us home to the real kingdom of righteousness and everlasting justice. When I arrive at this last exit of my life's journey, I look forward to the reunion with my grandfather and other ancestors. I hope they and God will greet me with the ennobling words, "Well done, faithful servant."

A Group XVI Kellogg fellow, Royal P. Walker Jr. lives in Ridgeland, Mississippi, where he serves as associate director and instructor at the Institute for Disability Studies, the University of Southern Mississippi. He is also the owner and founder of Royal Walker Jr., J.D. & Associates, which provides consultant services to various governmental, business, and not-for-profit organizations. Royal holds a bachelor's degree from Jackson State University and a doctorate in law from Texas Southern University.

***Colleen Stiles** tells a story of courage, self-determination, and persistence in the face of a serious brain injury resulting from a tragic automobile accident. A successful career turned into a harrowing journey along the paths of personal, family, financial, and housing crises. Faced with immersing herself in self-pity or fighting for her own future and the future of her children, Colleen began the difficult leadership role of redirecting her life. Her journey is one of humility, faith, and service. In telling us that "tragedy, you see, does not discriminate," the author reminds all of us how fragile human life is and gives perspective to the importance of sustaining relationships throughout our lives. Colleen's experience led to the creation of a new organization, Health Options, devoted to supporting individuals in finding and maintaining balance in their lives through five pillars of health: mind, body, society, finances, and family.*

THE LONGEST JOURNEY

By Colleen Stiles

"THINK GLOBALLY, ACT LOCALLY; experience, collaborate, impact, lead." Do these descriptors sound familiar? They mirror my fellowship experience. But what about these words: "Traumatic brain injury, short-term memory loss, cognitive relapse"? These too were once descriptors of my life.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1995, was a cold, rainy Wednesday in Colorado. I had just dropped off my son and was on the way to buy milk. While I was stopped in traffic, a truck full of gravel came screaming down on me, smashing into the back of my small car. The truck not only hit me, but also slammed my car into the one in front of me. I was knocked out. What started out as a three-mile trip to buy milk turned out to be the longest journey of my life.

AFTER THE ACCIDENT, I could not get my vowels out, my words were confused, and my verbal recall was atrocious. I had tremendous short-term memory loss. I remembered how to plan a 21-million-dollar capital endowment and annual fund campaign but forgot how to organize dinner. Doctor after doctor, test after test confirmed the extent of my injury: "Just be happy you are alive," "be realistic," "don't set your expectations too high." Specialists, chiropractors, therapists – you name it – I went to them all. After a time it became clear to me I had become a tragic statistic in the minds of others, and no one wanted to tell me. The specialists didn't have to, since I could see it in their eyes and hear it in their tone of voice.

DIAGNOSED WITH A TRAUMATIC BRAIN INJURY, I spent the next three years trying to get my life back. I learned more about human services and trying to get them than I ever had as a leader in the industry. Discovering the reality of getting lost in the cracks of our healthcare system, turning into the working poor, and becoming invisible was humiliating. Formerly the CEO of one of the largest human service agencies in the community, I now found that my former employer would have nothing to do with me.

I LOST MY CAREER and my consulting business, and experienced devastating financial losses, teetering on the brink of bankruptcy. My twins and I moved seven times in two years, moves so immeasurable they took us from comfortable living to affordable housing. The three of us lived in a camper in a campground for a year. While my kids thought we were having a fun adventure, I was losing myself in a mire of self-pity. How could this happen to me? Tragedy, you see, does not discriminate.

THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF INDIVIDUALS like me: doctors, executives, professors – people who one day disappear from leadership positions due to brain injuries and never return. I faced these catastrophic events, using my core leadership values and skill sets to survive. I did return, largely due to my Kellogg fellowship experience. I know in my heart that had my accident happened before my fellowship, I would not be the person I am today.

Remember rock climbing on the mountain at Outward Bound? No one could get me off the rock but me. I hated it. My experience of having to reach so far inside to motivate my body was a memory I will never forget. Years later, I realized that the value of that experience came alive for me.

THE KELLOGG FOUNDATION FELLOWSHIP gave me the opportunity to step away from my life responsibilities and be challenged by others. At times I suffered from my ego marching over humility, and was lost before I knew I had to be found. Over time the lessons of service to others became the strength upon which my faith would root itself in the journey of my human spirit. In retrospect, this was basic training for my recovery.

I REMEMBER BEFORE MY ACCIDENT when I took professional victories for granted. Access to people and an ability to leverage the time and resources of others to accomplish a specific objective were everyday occurrences. Throughout my career I had come to expect this level of leadership from myself. The successes of yesterday became the standard of today, and the bar was continually raised.

THROUGH THE KELLOGG NATIONAL LEADERSHIP PROGRAM, I developed the internal fortitude to evaluate myself against my own yardstick and not the expectations of others. After my accident I was stuck on the rock of my own life. Who is to say when it happened or started to happen ... the internal belief that my life could and would change? Embarking on a slow but steady process of recovery, I developed a burning desire to restore my life – not just to what it had been, but to what I had always wanted it to be. I repeated the ABCs in my head until I could say them out loud. I read children's books until I could read my own. Slowly, privately, I worked harder than I ever had before.

MY LIFE, AND THE LIVES OF MY KIDS, were at stake. I began to regain verbal and cognitive abilities, though they were different than what they'd been before. It didn't matter now which educational degrees I had, which jobs I had held, on which boards I had served; this was a process of getting better that could only be accomplished one day at a time through consistency and dedication. There were no shortcuts.

TODAY THE QUALITY AND HAPPINESS of my life is directly proportionate to my attitude of gratitude. My life is balanced and on-purpose. Having recovered financially and physically, I look back on the past five years and sometimes wonder how I managed to navigate the waters. Then it always comes back to me: I did not do it alone. It was a compilation of many factors: my belief in a power greater than myself, the sum of my experiences both inside and outside of Kellogg, and the steadfast support of my family. Today the mission of my business, Health Options, is to support individuals in finding and maintaining balance in their life through five pillars of health: mind, body, society, finances, and family. No longer a victim of my circumstances, I work each day to ensure that others know they have options in their lives, no matter what the conditions.

THIS IS NOT A STORY OF TRAGEDY but rather of triumph. While it is my personal adventure, it speaks to others. It is about the potential of the human spirit when it will not take *no* for an answer. It is a story about getting outside the box, about fighting the system to effect change in my own health care, about applying the necessary change-agent skills to navigate the minefield of self-advocacy while at the same time being an active participant in my own recovery. My life changed, and for the better. It is not a *Reader's Digest* "Drama in Real Life" story that happened to someone else; it happened to me, Colleen Stiles, Kellogg Group IX. For those who are experiencing devastating setbacks on their leadership journey, this is a story of hope. For the rest of you, it is a story from the heart.

Colleen Stiles, a proud alumnus of Kellogg Group IX, lives in Colorado Springs, Colorado, with her twins, Kevyn and Keegan. She is the owner of Health Options, a successful alternative healthcare company. Colleen also is a motivational speaker, sharing her experiences of overcoming adversity and achieving goals through all of life's experiences. Colleen has a bachelor's degree from the University of Minnesota and a master's degree from Wake Forest University.

Paul J. Gam *shares a story of the difficult realization that one may be doing his very best in an organization without realizing that others perceive his contributions as being self-serving and condescending. Moving from anger, shock, and disbelief, Paul entered a world of exhaustion in attempts to correct his leadership struggles at work. It is only when he surrendered and became still that the leadership lessons emerged. The adage that "the teacher appears when the student is ready" is applicable to Paul's dilemma. He discovered that effective leadership requires one to recognize the truths of others as if they were his very own. Paul now realizes that the journey from the head to the heart is often a long and difficult one, but it is essential for successful personal and professional leadership. His journey has been a humbling one but one that will sustain him long into the future.*

RECOGNIZING OTHERS' TRUTHS

By Paul J. Gam

LESSONS OF THE SOUL arrive at the most inopportune times. They come to the proud, drowning in shame, as well as to the strong, bedridden by defeat. They appear to the confident, sliding down a slippery slope, and to the free, confined in a concrete cell. I wonder if Nelson Mandela, the revolutionary, would have become the reconciliator if not tried by decades of injustice. I wonder if he would be as compassionate and forgiving if not purified by the torments of captivity. Grief and isolation often pierce the outward shell to open a door to the soul.

I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN A LEADER. I have vague childhood memories of directing playground activities for the small contingent of boys wearing white shirts and blue shorts at my elementary school in Hong Kong. I recall being the first to organize teenaged students in the oldest and most prestigious secondary institution in that former British colony.

AFTER I IMMIGRATED TO THE UNITED STATES at the age of 20, partially in search of adventure, I found myself in an environment where I had no followers, no network, and no influence. However, a land of strangers was not going to stop me. Shortly before the birth of my first child, I dived into the community and immersed myself in public service, possessed by an overwhelming impulse to create a better world for my daughter. In the 11 years since then, I have been elected to the presidency of a national Asian-American advocacy group in my state, leading the effort to break down barriers of ignorance and intolerance. I have also been voted chairman of a private and public joint venture promoting world trade, steering a board of high-powered executives, legislative leaders, and government officials. Furthermore, I have been appointed the finance chairman of the incumbent governor's re-election campaign and led one of the most successful fund-raising efforts in the state's political history. Certainly, I possess the gift of leadership and understand the important elements of the art. Or so I thought.

IN 1998 I WAS AWARDED A KELLOGG FELLOWSHIP. During the first year, I vacillated between feeling like a worthy recipient and an inadequate fake. The world was oblivious to my inner unrest. A facade of confidence and accomplishment shielded my insecurities from everyone and sometimes even from myself. By then I was also a father of three who spent limited but "quality" time at home; an involved community advocate; and a young executive climbing the ladder of one of the most respected corporations in the country. As long as I kept striving and progressing, there was no need to look back or to seek inward.

IN THE SECOND YEAR OF MY FELLOWSHIP, I was promoted to a high-profile position in the company. I was entrusted with global responsibilities, enjoying good visibility among top management and the board of directors. My staff consisted of young professionals. I was enthusiastic about this opportunity to demonstrate my ability to build a strong team and deliver superior results. It was to be a steppingstone to much greater things. I was confident my leadership skills would take the organization to new heights.

I LAID OUT A CLEAR AND AGGRESSIVE VISION. Each member on my team was measured against a very high bar. In return, I offered opportunities for growth and honest, no-nonsense coaching. In my mind, I was being the perfect boss. Individual development was strongly encouraged on all fronts and was supported with resources. Those on my staff were being challenged to be better than they ever had been. I grew tremendously from being stretched by the Kellogg fellowship experiences and wanted to share that benefit.

DRIVING THE TEAM HARD did not require much contemplation, as it was consistent with my upbringing. My devoted Presbyterian missionary parents stressed delayed gratification and investment in the future. My traditional Chinese heritage reinforced the belief that "to be the man of men, one must swallow the bitter of bitters." It was honorable to seek the highest mountain and climb it. Why would anyone want to debase himself or herself by choosing a molehill when there is the challenge and glory of a snow-capped summit? I believed my charge as a leader was to advance the team by showing the way and pushing forward.

IN SPITE OF COMMENDABLE BUSINESS OUTCOMES, rumblings started around Christmas. It began with rumors that I was condescending and harsh. It was said I cared solely about my personal achievements and that my staff was only the tool to attain my ends.

I WAS ANGRY AND SHOCKED. Having delivered results, secured resources, and provided opportunities for advancement, I could see no reasonable ground for dissatisfaction. The noise grew louder, and my boss became concerned. We retained organizational-development consultants to identify the problem. Extensive interviews yielded scattered and sometimes contradictory anecdotes that were used to justify negative perceptions. There was plenty of smoke but no fire. For me, the inconclusive findings reinforced my belief that I was on the right track. What we experienced were merely necessary growing pains as the team built more muscle and became stronger. This belief, however, did not spare me from feeling the grief of isolation and the anger of betrayal, even though I was certain I would be vindicated and this "injustice" would be righted.

TO MAINTAIN SOME SENSE OF CONTROL, I tried to understand the cause of the situation. In an attempt to fit what I saw as illogical behaviors into the paradigm of my world, I attributed negative motives to my detractors. Was it jealousy? Was it intolerance of differences? Was it my skin color? Even if there was no malice, were they either blinded by baggage from the past or were they simply too limited in capacity and outlook? I developed actions and counter-actions to extricate myself from this morass.

WHEN MY EFFORTS FAILED to produce the desired result, I persisted and tried even harder. I have successfully led in much tougher environments and in more difficult crowds. I was convinced that with sheer determination and cognitive strength, it would be only a matter of time before the tide would turn. However, the situation deteriorated and I was impotent to do anything about it.

ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, I was lying on my living-room couch watching my children in the yard through the window. Other than the filtered laughter of them at play, the house was quiet. I was enervated and wondered if the bottom could be lower than where I had suddenly discovered myself. I was too exhausted to struggle for answers or analyze facts. I had no energy to process and reprocess any more. My head surrendered and became still.

AS IF A QUIET MIND PROVIDED A CANVAS for the picture to emerge, the lesson came. Dialogue from the conflict transformation small group activity led by Roberto Chene, a mediator and Kellogg adviser, returned to me. There is an aphorism that the teacher appears when the student is ready. It was during a similar afternoon that a group of my fellows gathered in a back yard in Albuquerque to learn about conflict transformation. I suddenly understood what I had been taught but had not learned: it did not matter whether I was right or wrong. The only thing that mattered to people were their truths, not mine. Roberto explained that each of us carried our own truth. My staff's truth was likely that I intimidated and frightened them. My drive for excellence and growth left them feeling inadequate and insecure. I was juggling so many balls and was so focused on achieving more that I did not take the time to share my humanity. I thought it was obvious that I cared about my team, since I have made many tangible contributions to their careers. Harking back to how my parents demonstrated their love for me, was it not abundantly clear I would not have pushed so hard if I did not care? It all made sense now. What can I reasonably expect but distrust from individuals naturally defending their identity and self-worth? Why then would it be illogical to see the worst and most feared motives when looking through such tainted lenses? Truth sometimes can be fluid. It can be whatever the individual perceives it to be, regardless of whether the image is vividly accurate or grossly distorted.

DOES IT MATTER THAT I AM RIGHT according to my own truth? The answer is yes in that it is the source of my strength and renewal to stay the course. It is my compass and engine. However, the answer is also no, not if I want to be a truly effective leader. When I chose to be a leader, I thought I was electing an elevated stage of influence and privilege. Little did I realize I was actually forgoing an even playing field, and taking on an inferior position. To be a true leader, it is insufficient only to be right. It is not just those who share my truth whom I aim to lead. It is all the others who do not share the same needs or desires. To lead, I must see through their eyes and walk in their shoes. I must recognize their truths as if they were my very own.

SUSTAINABLE EFFECTIVENESS is not gauged by how far I can push or how high I can pull those I want to lead. It is determined by how hot a fire I can help ignite in each so that they may move themselves. It is measured by how bright a light I can shine so that they may see for themselves. The spark must start from their own truths. The desire must come from their own hearts. The cost of this lesson was high but worth every blow it took for me to wake up and learn. My soul has been blessed by the warmth and light of the fires built by those before me and around me.

I AM AGAIN HUMBLED and reminded that I am not in control and cannot make things happen with sheer determination or hard work. I must partner with and work through others, each with their uniqueness and individual fears and dreams. I must connect with them so I may see and feel their humanity and let them see and feel mine. I cease to rely predominantly on logic and intellect. These strengths had become opiates that clouded my being. I have learned to reach deeper into my soul and tap into the well of compassion and awareness so I may be more gentle and present. I pray for wisdom and patience to be more accepting and forgiving, and hope that others likewise will accept and forgive my shortcomings. I take time to connect with each person I encounter, even if for only a moment. I learn to be more mindful and to listen to my heart and hear its whispers, even when my brain is screaming with urgency. The timeline of the soul is often quite different from the impatience and shortsightedness of the world.

I NOW KNOW THAT TO TRULY CONNECT WITH OTHERS, I must first journey inward and connect with myself. A Native American elder once said that the path from the head to the heart is the longest road of all. This road has many exits that lead to dead ends or circular trails going nowhere. I have wandered off on them time and time again but have learned to forgive myself and find my way back. I am determined not to pay for the same lesson again. I falter sometimes but I proceed, drawing on the Outward Bound experience of climbing 14,000-foot Mount French in Colorado. I need only to muster the determination to take just one more forward step and eventually I will get there.

AS TO MY ANGER AND FEELINGS OF BETRAYAL, I remember the lessons from my South Africa learning lab. I remember standing in the cell on Robben Island in which Nelson Mandela was imprisoned for more than 20 years. This great injustice that I thought I suffered was really nothing. It was really nothing at all.

A Group XVI Kellogg fellow, Paul Gam lives in St. Paul, Minnesota, where he serves as director of global assurance at Medtronic, Inc., the world's leading medical technology company. Paul is a CPA and holds a bachelor's degree and master's degree in business from the University of Minnesota. He has served as chairman of the Minnesota World Trade Center and member of the Judicial Standards Board. Paul is also a Bush Leadership Fellow and has received the Twin Cities' International Citizen Award and the CityBusiness Forty Under Forty Award. Paul is an inventor, a classically trained pianist, and holds a black belt in karate. A father of three, Paul enjoys reflection, Broadway musicals, photography, international travels, and adventure.

Suzanne Burgoyne *uses her love of the arts, particularly theater, to explore her own leadership talents. Through theater, she gains self-confidence and explores creativity and the joys of being a risk-taker. Through participation in the Kellogg fellowship, Suzanne also discovered the joys of interdisciplinary collaboration, her own power of persuasion, and the authenticity of her voice as a leader. She has continued to write and develop performing workshops using the arts creatively to further the leadership growth of others. At the same time, she acknowledges that her leadership journey began within her own heart and head, leading her to discover the power of forgiveness, particularly forgiving oneself, which allows each of us to accept complete responsibility for our lives. Suzanne provides a clear stage for leadership development, and her story continues. She encourages the reader to take center stage in his/her own leadership journey.*

SOMETHING TO CONTRIBUTE, SOMETHING TO LEARN

By Suzanne Burgoyne

I CAME BY MY LOVE FOR THE ARTS NATURALLY: my mother was a singer and my father a writer. Since childhood, I had been passionately devoted to creating theater. But when it came time to choose a career, I found my parents trying to talk me out of it, concerned that I'd never earn a living. My college friends tried to talk me out of it, too, saying theater wasn't political enough or spiritual enough to change the world. It was in the '60s, and my generation passionately wanted to change the world! But I loved theater, and I was stubborn. I thought theater ought to be just as political and just as spiritual as any discipline, and I vowed to dedicate my life to proving it!

ONE'S IDEALISM AND FAITH in oneself, however, can be battered by life. By the time I'd bashed my head against seemingly insuperable barriers of ignorance and disdain for the arts, and struggled through a failed marriage, as well, I didn't figure I had what it takes to prove anything.

THEN, IN THE FALL OF 1980, while teaching at Creighton University in Omaha, Nebraska, I directed a play that changed my life. Arthur Miller's *The Crucible* employs the Salem witch-hunts as an analogy for McCarthy-era oppression. The play is a psychosocial investigation into the root causes of human evil. During the first read-through, I pointed out to the cast lines spoken by John Proctor, the play's protagonist: "Now Hell and Heaven grapple on our backs, and all our old pretense is ripped away ... we are only what we always were, but naked now." [1] In order to play the script convincingly, I felt it was our task to investigate the crisis conditions which strip the characters naked, to discover why people kill their neighbors in murderous frenzy.

THE "SPINE" (core action) that I chose for my production was "to face the evil in oneself." Analyzing the characters, I found that they divided between the accused, who ultimately succeed in facing their dark sides, and the accusers, who project their inner demons upon others and accuse them of witchcraft. Thus the "good" people in the play are those who, sooner or later, accept responsibility for their own actions. An adulterer, Proctor hesitates to speak out against the witch-hunts, which are destroying his village, even though he knows they're a fraud. Believing himself irredeemably flawed and unworthy, he rationalizes his submission to tyrannical institutions. But in this play, Miller "move[s] beyond the discovery and unveiling of the hero's guilt, a guilt that kills the personality."[2] Finally, in an agonized struggle with his fear and his conscience, Proctor chooses to die for his beliefs rather than condone a lie.

CONFRONTATION WITH THE DARK SIDE of human nature made producing Miller's play a veritable crucible for everyone involved. In good Method acting tradition, I encouraged my student actors to seek personal analogies as a means of connecting with their characters. I led the cast in improvisations on witchcraft, on confession (an important plot dynamic), and on trance states (the accusers go into trance in a major scene). Rehearsals became extremely intense. As a director, I became "possessed" by the need to make the show perfect. The cast group dynamics came to mirror the hysteria in the play, with actors reporting terrifying nightmares, and projecting blame for their own artistic weaknesses upon other actors, seeking scapegoats.

ONE OF THE "WITCHES' BREWS" of rehearsal exercises I concocted gave me an experiential understanding of the psychosocial dynamics in *The Crucible*. I provided each actor with a cardboard box and asked the performer to tear the box to shreds, talking to it as if it were someone the actor hated. I participated in the exercise too, and was amazed to discover myself sobbing and accusing the box representing my father, "You wouldn't let me be me!" Fortunately, through a series of coincidences, I ended up discussing the exercise with a former colleague (both theater director and priest) who responded, "Oh, well, if you start the ritual that way, you have to end it by having the person you 'tore up' say, 'I understand. I forgive you.' And the first person you need to forgive is yourself. I once attended one of Grotowski's workshops.[3] I understand what you were trying to do. Thank you for taking risks." The Puritans, Miller points out, "had no ritual for the washing away of sins."[4] *The Crucible* demonstrates the psychological necessity of such a ritual, for without such a social mechanism and faced with demands for perfection, the individual is paralyzed as Proctor was, "frozen" by his guilt, and incapable of speaking his truth in the face of social oppression.

THE CRUCIBLE depicts a society in transition. In *Salem Possessed*, Boyer and Nissenbaum propose that the Salem witchcraft hysteria arose as a response to the panic generated by massive social change as New England shifted from an agrarian to a mercantile economic base.[5] Producing *The Crucible* in 1980, in an era in which the West was evolving from an industrial to an information-based civilization, I became acutely aware of the dangers inherent in such periods of transition. But what can one person do? And yet, isn't Miller's whole point in *The Crucible* that the individual does matter? As the *Omaha Sun* reviewer put it, "in this time of politicized religious fundamentalists and their ideological scorecards, *[The Crucible]* is a much needed reminder ... that all it takes for evil to succeed is for good people to remain silent."[6]

THE OPENING-NIGHT REVIEWS were raves: "Powerful 'Crucible' Casts Spell on Creighton Crowd," read the headlines in the *Omaha World-Herald*.[7] But I was a woman obsessed. As I kept discovering more layers of meaning in the text, more ways in which it provided insight into my own life and the lives of my students, I just had to thank Arthur Miller for his play! But how could I contact him? Well, Miller had attended the University of Michigan, and so had I. I called my dissertation adviser, who referred me to Miller's former professor (now emeritus). Somewhat ashamedly, I explained my obsession. Miracle of miracles, Miller's professor understood. "Other theater people have felt that way about *The Crucible*," he said. "I believe it's one of the great plays of the 20th century." He provided an address and phone number, and I sent off a heartfelt telegram, with an invitation – impossible, I knew – for Miller to come to see our show.

IN THE MEANTIME, I was not doing so well at forgiving myself for having subjected my students to such psychologically powerful rehearsal exercises. Nothing in my theater training had prepared me to deal with, or even expect, psychological fallout from theater work! But I also had to recognize that my own perfectionism and need for power, my dark side, had driven me to dangerous extremes – a painful self-confrontation. As my priest-colleague had suggested, I conducted a workshop on forgiveness during the pick-up rehearsal before our second week of performances. But my mind spun out of control as I kept recognizing more and more frightening ways in which the "real world" of 1980 resembled the dark world of the play.

THE WEEK AFTER THE PRODUCTION CLOSED, I attended the Nebraska Theatre Conference held in Omaha. Over lunch, I happened to overhear two colleagues' conversation: "Say, I hear Arthur Miller was in town last week." "Oh, really? What was he doing here?" "Who knows? Maybe he came to see *The Crucible*. Ha ha ha." My heart almost stopped. What if the impossible had happened? What if he'd come to see our show and we hadn't recognized him?

FOLLOWING UP ON THE CONVERSATION, I managed to contact the theater student at the University of Nebraska/Omaha who'd reported seeing Arthur Miller. "It was Miller," the student insisted. "I waited on him at a restaurant. He paid with a publisher's credit card in the name of Arthur Miller. I'd just seen him on TV a couple of weeks ago. It was Miller all right." I sent off a frantically apologetic telegram to Miller and received a courteous reply in which he said he hadn't been able to come to see our show because of rehearsals for his new play, *The American Clock*, adding "Your production sounds tremendously exciting ... I'm moved to know that a play of mine has inspired such feeling."[8]

WELL, ALL RIGHT, so it hadn't been *the* Arthur Miller. Instead, it was an Arthur Miller who happened to work for a publisher and happened to look enough like *the* Arthur Miller to fool a theater student who'd seen him on TV, and who happened to come to Omaha during the second week of our production, after I'd invited *the* Arthur Miller – and I happened to hear about it! I'd always considered myself a very logical person, but coincidence was ceasing to be a logical explanation for the patterns I was seeing.

AS A WELL-TRAINED RESEARCHER, I went off looking for some answers. Among other useful sources, I found Marilyn Ferguson's *The Aquarian Conspiracy*, in which the term *coincidence* is superseded by *synchronicity* (a less scary word than *fate*). Ferguson also provided a description of "paradigm shifts," which sounded a lot like what I'd been going through. Her list of triggers for transformations in worldview included such relevant elements as improvisational theater and psychodrama.[9]

AND THEN THERE WAS KELLOGG. A call for applications for the Kellogg National Fellowship had appeared on a daily university bulletin, which (being busy directing) I'd put on a stack on my desk. I found myself frantically searching through the pile. An inner voice, so strong it scared me, said, "You WILL apply for this!" Me? Why me? I felt so unworthy. I'd always been told how bright I was, but I'd always felt so stupid. Things that seemed obvious to everybody else didn't make sense to me, and when I opened my mouth to say what did seem obvious to me, what I'd get was horrified stares. It was beginning to become clear to me that maybe everybody didn't see what I saw and that maybe I had a responsibility, a social responsibility, to speak up. I'd vowed I'd prove theater was just as political and just as spiritual as anything else was. I'd just proven it to myself. I'd been part of a theater experience that had changed my view of the world. Theater could be a powerful, transformative learning tool! But anything that powerful could be dangerous. I'd blundered into rehearsal techniques I didn't know enough about; I needed to learn a lot more.

WRITING THE KELLOGG APPLICATION was a struggle. Like Proctor, I had to battle my fears of my own unworthiness. I had to come to terms with my own imperfections and accept that I didn't have, and would never have, all the answers. I had to find the courage to abandon my cozy aesthetic cover and take action in the "real" world, in the face of uncertainty. And I had to take the risk that if I said what I truly believed, people would think I was just plain crazy. "I'm not saying that theatre can save the world," I wrote in my application, "but I'm no longer unwilling to believe it could help."

MY RESOLVE WAS TESTED during my Kellogg interview, as one of the interviewers bluntly asked, "Are you sure you're not just a frustrated actress?" I felt challenged again when, at the first meeting of our Kellogg class, the head of the advisory committee greeted me with: "You know, when we were planning this program, it never occurred to us that a theater person could have something to contribute." And I felt intimidated by my fellow fellows: articulate, argumentative folk who knew so much more about social issues and public policy than I.

PURSUING MY INDEPENDENT STUDY PROJECT, I took training in psychodrama. Even in this field, I initially encountered prejudice against theater folk as mere entertainers playing fictional roles in scripts written by others instead of confronting "real" psychological and social role issues and learning to become the "playwrights" of our own lives. Persisting, however, I not only learned how to use role-play to engage social concerns but also initiated discussions with my psychodrama colleagues about techniques that might be adapted as psychological safety measures for student actors.

AN INCIDENT during my training program at the Center for Creative Leadership perhaps encapsulates my learning process during the Kellogg fellowship. We were given an exercise that required us to put in "correct" order a list of steps to be followed in carrying out a project. We first wrote our individual solutions to the problem and then met in small groups to devise a group solution. The exercise was intended to demonstrate synergy, how groups working together can come up with better solutions than will individuals. When we reconvened and scored the solutions, however, my individual solution was by far the best in the whole group. As a theater director, I had considerable experience organizing projects, and I learned that organizational ability is indeed one of my strengths. My small group, however, was dysfunctional; our group score was abysmal. I had allowed myself to be intimidated by the experienced corporate managers in our small group and thus been hesitant to put forth my ideas. I wrote about this incident and others in an article whose subtitle summed up my KNFP experience and my approach to leadership: "Something to Contribute, Something to Learn."[10]

AS THE KELLOGG FELLOWS CONTINUED TO MEET, we began to confront the stereotypes we had about each others' disciplines and to relate to each other as human beings. I was the only fellow in my class to pursue an arts field as a profession, but I found others passionately devoted to drawing or music as a hobby. I discovered that one of my classmates, Bill Timpson, an educator, not only enjoyed performing as a dancer but also had an interest in theater techniques as pedagogy and was the coauthor of a book on the topic. Bill and I decided to join forces and do a workshop together for our class's final seminar.

WE BASED OUR WORKSHOP on a controversial play, Michael Weller's *Loose Ends*, which traces the lives of a pair of baby boomers as they evolve from '60s social reformers into yuppies, facing issues of female careerism, role reversal, abortion, and eventually divorce. Bill and I performed a scene from the play, led the class in an acting workshop, had them break into small groups to read scenes from the play aloud, and then processed the experience with a discussion. The play hit home; its issues were the issues of our generation, and the workshop provoked passionate debate.

"OH," SAID ONE OF MY FELLOW FELLOWS when the workshop was over, "so *that's* what you do." Female fellows (a minority in my class) were proud of me. They delightedly quoted one of the male fellows, saying, "I couldn't believe Suzanne. She was so ... well ... *good*." I felt I had demonstrated that theater indeed has something to contribute to a program promoting leadership for social change. I'm grateful to KNFP for helping me to believe in myself and to trust that inner voice.

ONCE A KELLOGG FELLOW, always a Kellogg fellow. My Kellogg experience gave me confidence to pursue my work with theater as pedagogy. Bill Timpson encouraged me to develop "teaching as performing" workshops for faculty on my campus. He and I continue to give workshops together, and he asked me to serve as coauthor for a new version of his book.[11] I also continued to work on finding the courage to speak out, and in 1991, I finally published an article about my *Crucible* experience in the first issue of a new journal of The Association for Theatre in Higher Education, *Theatre Topics*. The article, "A Crucible for Actors: Questions of Directorial Ethics," confronted the issue of the psychological impact of rehearsal techniques and called for the profession to develop a code of ethics.[12] "That's a very brave article," the journal's contributing editor said to me. As a result of the article, I was asked to become the next editor of *Theatre Topics*.

THE KELLOGG EXPERIENCE also taught me the real value of interdisciplinary collaboration. Still pursuing the question of the psychological impact of acting on actors – and finding little research on the subject – I set out to learn a qualitative research method, grounded theory, from a colleague in counseling psychology on my campus, the University of Missouri/Columbia (UM/C). I joined Karen Poulin's grounded theory research group; she took a class in acting; and together we conducted a study: "The Impact of Acting on Student Actors: Boundary Blurring, Growth, and Emotional Distress," published in *Theatre Topics* in Fall 1999.[13] Theater has traditionally drawn its research methods from the humanities rather than the social sciences, a handicap when it comes to developing models for pedagogical research; my article is the first grounded theory study to appear in a major theater journal. Karen and I also have been experimenting with debriefing as part of the rehearsal process.

THE STORY DOESN'T END. The latest chapter is my selection as a 2000/2001 Carnegie scholar. Once again, I'm a member of an interdisciplinary cohort committed to social transformation. In this case, there's a specific target: higher education. Carnegie's agenda includes promoting the scholarship of teaching and learning, enhancing the status of and rewards for teaching, and thus, eventually, improving the quality of teaching on our campuses. My own Carnegie research project? I've put together an interdisciplinary research team at UM/C to investigate the pedagogical potential of Augusto Boal's 'Theatre of the Oppressed' techniques for diversity training. As I said in my Carnegie application, I do now truly believe that I have something to contribute. And – always, always – much to learn.

Suzanne Burgoyne, a KNFP Group II Fellow, is professor of theater at the University of Missouri/Columbia. With Group II fellow Bill Timpson, she coauthored "Teaching and Performing: Ideas for Energizing Your Classes." She also has published stories in "Highlights for Children."

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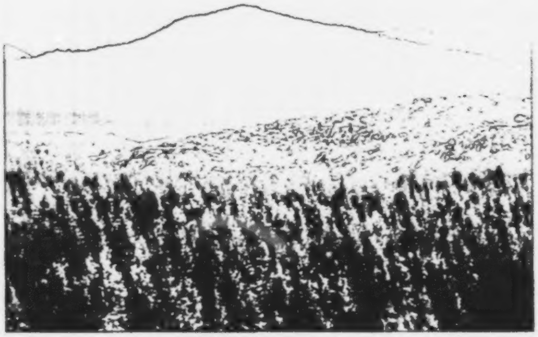

***Bob Henry Baber** has spent the greatest part of his life in West Virginia and has discovered that his love for the state challenged him in ways that he had never imagined possible. As an emerging leader, Bob Henry found the courage to speak out about the controversial issue of strip-mining, which led to his declaring his candidacy for the office of governor. With little financial support for his grassroots campaign, his passion to make a difference on environmental issues in West Virginia propelled him forward, addressing forces that he knew he could not overcome. The personal sacrifices were painful experiences for Bob Henry and his family. Voice, values, and vision are all a part of his story. Based on his experiences, he concludes that leadership and sacrifice are one and the same.*

FALLING SLATE AND SACRIFICE

By Bob Henry Baber

Turning Earth

It's just before dawn, look
Night
Is becoming
A mere shadow of its former self

What remains of my existence
And the existence of others
Stretches before me –
The distant horizon of the great plains
Awash with sun
orange as juice
and just as sweet

Mountains and shadowed valleys
Purple as grape jelly,
With rivers running through them,
both pristine and polluted,
are carrying the precious skin of erosion
towards the primordial but invisible sea
where salty life and stories began
so long before me ...

today I will rock the cradle of life,
silently hum the hymns of the elders,
turn over an ancient leaf,
and fall in love with the future

and giving away free gifts
with every revolution of the earth
become a little more of you
and thus, myself

– Bob Henry Baber

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LEADERSHIP, LIKE LOVE, IS HARD TO DEFINE and unique in every circumstance. How it plays out in time and culture cannot be predicted. Thus it is with politics. Sometime in the early 1980s, I saw a remnant hippie espouse the merits of the legalization of marijuana on statewide West Virginia Public Television debates. Subsequent investigation revealed that for a modest filing fee (a modest $1,000 when I applied), any person could declare himself a candidate in the party primaries and be given an electronic soapbox upon which to proclaim his message.

CUT AHEAD TO 1993. I'm being interviewed for a Kellogg fellowship in Washington, D.C. Wilted by the onset of the flu and an eight-hour car trip, I was dismayed when the selection committee seized on a one-liner in my lengthy application: "Someday I'd like to run for the governorship of West Virginia." They turned it this way and that, asking about my experience, my platform, my plans for building an organization, etc. By the time they turned to other issues, I felt certain that the coveted fellowship was surely lost. But happily, it was not.

TRUE LEADERSHIP, in my experience, often means exile – from economies, institutions, and states. We've learned that in the worst instances, leadership can include banishment from one's own country and even from life itself. Leadership in these instances can be characterized by the word *sacrifice* – the sublimation of self for the advancement of other people or causes.

BY 1994 I was working in the development office for a college in West Virginia. We had received a community service challenge grant from a foundation in New Jersey. If we raised one million dollars, it would be generously matched by five million, an unheard-of ratio! My job included preparing reports and documentation with which we were to approach potential donors, one of which was a local coal association. At the same time, a mountain one ridge away from my ancestral farm was being strip-mined. Upon inspection, I discovered that the site in question wasn't saving topsoil for reclamation as mandated by both federal and state law. The reason for this, I was told, was that "the natural soil was 'toxic' because of its high acidity." This I knew to be absurd, and I said as much in a strident editorial that I fired out across the state and which ran in a number of papers.

THE NEXT DAY, the college's director of development called to tell me that the local coal association had called him to say that they weren't going to give a nickel to our college as long as I was on the faculty. Predictably, within six months my position was "dissolved." Ironically, despite my departure, the coal association gave nothing of significance to the fund-raising drive.

ONE OF THE BENEFITS OF UNEMPLOYMENT is that it allows one time to think – a prerequisite to leadership. Once again my thoughts, encouraged by the energy and enthusiasm of other impressive leaders I'd met in the fellowship, returned to the governorship. Finally, after consulting with my wife, I decided to run. I had no illusion about winning the office; I knew I could not, running on a green platform that included the abolition of "mountaintop removal" (the euphemism that the coal industry prefers to "strip-mining"), the fair taxation of vast corporate landholdings, and the regulation of the timber industry's clear-cutting practices. But I felt that I had a unique opportunity to speak and to refocus the debates since I didn't have to pander to those powerful special interests. For me, "winning" meant retelling the story of the state's demise and creating a scenario for a sustainable economy kind to both land and people. It meant stirring the ashes of apathy and discontent, and rekindling the barely visible embers of justice left over from the early labor union struggles and, more recently, the anti-strip-mining abolitionist movement of the 1970s.

SPACE LIMITATIONS prevent my relating in detail the experiences I had in the primary; however, I can tell you that I met many fine people who cheered me on: two elderly sisters who had lost their well to stripping, a sympathetic postmistress who helped me process a bulk mailing, and students who volunteered to hand out brochures and write letters. I learned how hard it is to create an organization (especially for a lone wolf such as myself) and how hard (and necessary) it is to raise money if one is to be a viable candidate. Most important, I felt firsthand the impact of the political process on family. Sadly, as the primary stretched from one year to the next, I found myself unable to get significant employment in either higher education or nonprofit venues despite sending off numerous résumés. And who could blame them for being unwilling to take on my political baggage? No amount of experience or skills could compensate for my political liabilities in a Third-world-like state where extraction industries dominate virtually all aspects of the culture. I had, through my words and actions, chosen to become an economic exile. Now my family would have to pay that price.

JUST A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE PRIMARY, I threw my support to Charlotte Pritt, the progressive coal-miner's daughter and teacher, who graciously accepted it on television, thereby restoring my credibility to those who thought I had lost more than a few of my marbles. By the time she lost in the fall to a draconian candidate heavily financed by coal and timber, I had relocated to Cleveland, Ohio, where I had no political baggage and could get work in the schools as a creative writing teacher.

SINCE THEN MUCH HAS HAPPENED. A few years back, an article titled "Shear Madness" in the *U.S. News and World Report* exposed the horrid reality of strip-mining and led to follow-up pieces on *60 Minutes* and *Nightline*. This year, in the gubernatorial race, Denise Giardina, a much-heralded writer, has mounted an independent campaign that has again raised many of the issues that I focused on five years ago. She's not going to get to be governor, but clearly she has thrown yet another log on the fire of justice, and for that I applaud her. Slowly now, my family is working its way back to the mountains and our roots. We've saved enough money to remodel the old homestead, and we've begun to reestablish ties with previously skittish nonprofits and schools. When visiting my homestead recently, I was repeatedly asked to run for mayor. After we move back, I may do so. Who knows, I may even run again for the governorship one day. At the very least, when my grandkids ask me in my old age what I did to make a difference, I can give them an answer – and a little advice. I'll tell them, "Remember this: there aren't any failed experiments; there's only the failure to experiment."

IN 1997, the diary I kept while running for public office was published by the *Appalachian Journal* of Appalachian State University. This generous bit of literary alchemy enabled me to salvage at least a little from the personal carnage of running. An early entry into my journal now echoes with new meaning, and I share it here.

March 23

One night shortly after the Richwood Newsleader printed my entire platform, I was walking home when I was hailed from across Main Street. Although dusk was approaching, I could see Don McClung, the former mayor of Richwood, sitting by the edge of his garden, where he'd been weeding. When he stood, I noticed that this still imposing man had a stoop that wouldn't leave him even as he tried to straighten himself. We talked about what a fine day it had been, the hospitals' troubles, mutual friends, and his health. He turned the subject to the race. "I've read your platform, and I admire what you're doing. I've never seen the likes of the carnage being visited upon us by the clear-cutters and strip-miners. The coal and timber companies have had the best of us. Now I don't have much to give you, but I'm going to give you some gas money if you continue to hang in there – just so you can raise a little hell. But why I called you over here was to tell you something that happened to me a long time ago. I believe it has relevance to your campaign. When I first went in the deep mines, you might say I was fearless. Youth, as you know, has no sense of its mortality. I sure didn't have any sense of mine, that is, until a huge piece of slate fell from the roof and pinned me. Lord, it was terrible. The men gathered around me, but they couldn't even find a jack to get the rock off me. There were enough of them though that they thought they might be able to yank me out from under that rock. They gave a great heave-ho and pulled on my chest. I can remember their hot breath, the choking dust of the fall, and the darkness surrounding me – almost like it was closing in on me. I suppose I was in or near shock. The pain was excruciating, but I was so afraid I was never going to see the light of day again that I never said nothing. They got me loose, thank God. I can still recall the smell of the woods as we came near the portal and the swirl of blue sky, clouds, and treetops as they carried me out. I just want to tell you ... if you pick up some support, the companies are going to come after you. Listen for cracks in the top. Be careful. Any miner can tell you: when you set blasts, slate falls."

Leadership.
Sacrifice.
They are one and the same.

Dr. Bob Henry Baber, a Group XIII Kellogg fellow, is an accomplished Appalachian writer and speaker who teaches throughout northeast Ohio. He also conducts team-building workshops for educational and nonprofit organizations. Over the past two years his long-dormant interest in the visual arts has emerged in the form of modern mosaics and "Memory Vessels" which often incorporate his short "lowku" poems. His happiest times are spent with his wife, Tammara, and children, Ciara, Cara, Cody, and Jacqueline, on his ancestral mountaintop homeplace near Richwood, West Virginia.

SECTION THREE

Leadership

> *It takes vision and courage to create –*
>
> *It takes faith and courage to prove.*
>
> – Owen D. Young

Leadership is often a difficult term to define. In some cultures and languages, there are not even words to equate to *leadership*. As the Kellogg National Fellowship/Leadership Program grew and developed, this definition evolved: "Leadership is the ability to get good things done with the help of others." We believe leadership is about building trusting relationships with others to achieve the common good. It is about respecting the individual integrity of each person, and it is about self-knowledge and just simply being, as much as it is about action. Effective leadership requires vision; it requires listening to the voices of others as well as your own; it requires living one's values in service to others; and it is not always related to positions held.

Authors in this section of the book write about their reflections on different aspects of leadership. They discuss leadership perspectives ranging from positions held to the comparison of leadership to the weather; from the terrors of rock climbing to the challenges of the jungle. Concluding the section, "Adelberto's Dilemma" provides an excellent discussion of servant leadership in an effort to assist youth in transforming society

Leadership is found in every aspect of our daily lives. It is not a theory isolated from our emotions. In fact, it is sometimes described as emotions in action as we become passionate about the things we believe we can change for the positive. These authors invite you to muse with them as they explore their own interpretations of effective leadership. A common theme throughout the stories is the question "Leadership for What Purpose?" Determine how you would answer that question as you think about your own leadership style and talents.

Patrick Bassett *compares three styles of leadership, concluding that one often finds it necessary to borrow from all three depending on the individual situation. Patrick suggests that each of us should call upon and embrace all of our abilities and flexibility in responding to challenges. The possibility of making a difference often requires us to use all of the talents of an ambassador, a general, and a priest. While there may be circumstances in which one style is better suited than the others, in determining which style you should use, the author concludes, "Well, it depends!"*

THREE FACES OF LEADERSHIP

By Patrick F. Bassett

INCREASINGLY, SCHOLARSHIP ON LEADERSHIP is focusing on varying leadership styles and their appropriateness to the situation of the moment and the constituency being led. My introduction to this theme of the varying attributes of leadership occurred when I attended a Kellogg Foundation seminar on the topic of leadership, a seminar that featured three keynote speakers of national prominence. One was a woman, an ambassador, who served President Carter as emissary to a Latin American country. The second was a general who had served in Vietnam and who currently held the title of president of the National War College. The third was an activist, a priest, who had earned a national reputation for work in the civil rights movement and who currently served as director of a model community project in a major metropolitan area in the Midwest. Nothing that any of these leaders said about leadership had as much impact as the style each exuded.

THE AMBASSADOR MANIFESTED visibly the leadership style one might call the consensus style, a style now popular in leadership studies emerging from the corporate world as a by-product of studying the Japanese management team approach and women's social structures and leadership proclivities. The ambassador immediately connected with her audience, since her style was personal and personable. We felt that we had known her all our life because she was folksy, open, spontaneous, and friendly. She described the technique she had used to disarm her adversaries and to court those she had been sent to engage. Clearly, if building trust and empowering others are the essence of our preferences in a leader, we would choose to follow the ambassador.

THAT BEING SAID, what was the downside of the ambassador's leadership style? From her own admission, it emerged that she'd had to compromise many of the tasks and goals that she and the president of the United States had set in order to cement the bonds and secure the trust in various relationships. She never felt completely satisfied that she had actually achieved the specific goals identified, but in her opinion, her work had set the course for her successors to do so.

A STARKER CONTRAST could hardly be imagined than that between the ambassador and the general, whose persona perfectly illustrated the CEO / goal orientation style of leadership. The general immediately impressed us all by the sheer organizational command of his presentation. He dazzled us with flow charts, overhead projections, and pithy anecdotes. The general's style was like that of the corporate manager, a style characterized by hierarchy and delegation. Any stereotypical expectations we might have had about a general were quickly dispelled by his presentation; clearly, he was as informed or better informed than most about leadership issues, and as creative or more creative than most about strategies for effective leadership. We felt reassured by the general. He was clear about expectations from his subordinates, and he was clear in setting the goals. It was also clear that he would differ with the ambassador when it came to compromising. For the general, the task was all-important, and relationships were secondary.

THAT BEING SAID, what was the downside of the general's leadership style? If anything were to be sacrificed in order to be successful in the task, it was the relationship, not the goal.

THE PRIEST represented a third leadership approach, a style of vision and charisma. The priest was a riveting speaker on his topic of civil rights – impassioned, engaging, and dramatic. One could easily argue that the priest lacked coherence in his presentation. His policy recommendations, historical referencing, and speech were all rather chaotic in presentation. What he lacked in terms of the ambassador's tact and the general's efficiency, however, he more than compensated for in terms of pure power of delivery and his vision of a better society. In fact, a dispassionate observer might have had some trouble drawing the line between charisma and demagoguery, for the priest crossed that line on more than one occasion; nonetheless, here was leadership that was inspiring and compelling. He was the only leader who provoked a spontaneous standing ovation that day.

HOW COULD THERE BE A DOWNSIDE to the priest's leadership style? After the applause ended and we began to assess the effectiveness of each leader's style and presentation, we realized that in the case of the priest, although we had been inspired, we had no clue what we were supposed to do. Typical of charismatic leaders, the priest had presented a visionary destination but no road map of how to get there.

EMBEDDED IN THIS ASSESSMENT of leadership styles is the question of assumptions about leaders. What we must guard against is the mythology that is emerging about paradigms of leadership. The mythology has four components to it:

1. **The myth that masculine (the general) and feminine (the ambassador) leadership styles are exclusive to their respective genders.** *Au contraire.* It is untrue to assume that all men are autocratic and hierarchical in leadership preferences and style and that all women prefer consensus-building styles. No one ever accused Margaret Thatcher, Indira Gandhi, or Golda Meier of having a "feminine" leadership style.
2. **The myth that daily management of institutions (or of one's personal life, for that matter) calls for one style exclusively.** Rather, the best administrators and leaders know which situations command autocratic decisiveness (the general), which demand democratic cooperativeness (the ambassador), and which recommend visionary "suspension of disbelief" (the priest). We know from experience that it is best to form a planning committee involving the people who will be affected when

we are trying to design a library; we would never convoke a commission or form a committee, however, to decide on the exit route if a fire were to break out in the library. Day in and day out, brushfires break out in institutions, emergency actions are required, and we welcome general-like leadership. At the same time, we need priest-like vision and inspiration if our institutions are to aspire to greatness and ambassador-like people skills if the followers are to be empowered and mobilized to achieve it.

3. **The myth that institutions demand a single leadership style, now and forever.** Institutions undergo a life cycle like that of humans, and they need different leadership depending upon their level of maturity. Just as the child needs to be guarded and nurtured, the adolescent to be guided and launched, and the adult supported and reassured, so too do institutions require different leadership for various stages of development. To shift metaphors, the sinking ship needs an autocratic Ahab, whereas the last thing a mutinying ship needs is another Captain Bligh.

4. **The myth that we are supposed to admire and adulate our leaders while they are conducting the messy job of leading.** I would observe that corrupt and closed totalitarian cultures lionize leaders until they die; then they are demonized. Free and open democratic cultures demonize leaders until they die; then they are lionized. Just as "no good deed ever goes unpunished," effective leadership, especially transformational leadership, seldom goes unscathed by brutal criticism.

FINALLY, THEN, what should we look for in our leadership for the future? Need we be bound by stereotypes of gender and style? What we should embrace in our own leadership activities and celebrate in those leaders whom we choose to follow is the ability and flexibility to adapt leadership style to the situation at hand. We need to be the ambassador at some point, the general at others, and the priest at other points still. Is it conceivable that a single leader can combine all three faces of leadership? It's unlikely, since in some ways they are mutually exclusive. Can a leader combine two of the three, balancing the dominant with the secondary style and supplementing with strong co-leaders who present the third style? Possibly.

SO WHICH OF THESE LEADERSHIP STYLES is most appropriate for today's institutions in today's world? Well, it depends!

Patrick F. Bassett, a Group VII fellow, has dedicated his career to education, beginning as a teacher in an all-boys boarding school, then becoming headmaster at an all-girls school, and then headmaster at a coeducational school before being appointed as the president of the Independent Schools Association of the Central States. In August 2001, Bassett assumed the leadership of NAIS, the National Association of Independent Schools, headquartered in Washington, D.C. NAIS serves 1,200 independent schools and related associations throughout the country and the world.

Steven Moss *provides the reader with a witty and helpful analogy of leadership and the weather. As leaders, into what kind of weather are we willing to venture? How much of a risk-taker are we when we face strong winds of opposition? Do we run for safe harbors at the first threat of a storm? Through his own experiences as a Kellogg fellow and consultant, Steve explores these questions with an encouraging nod toward taking risks, being patient and persistent, and enduring with faith and courage the challenges of change, which are as unpredictable as the weather.*

LEADERSHIP WEATHER

By Steven J. Moss

I USED TO THINK that "leadership" was like the weather: everybody talks about it, but there's nothing we can do to change it. "Positional leadership," "servant leadership," "entrepreneurial leadership," and, when all else fails, "followership," are all definitions of management styles which could just as well describe different weather patterns. Positional leaders are like hurricanes, large enough to have a name, or at least a title. They're too big to ignore; we either have to find a way to cope with them or run away and hide. Servant leaders are akin to a soft rain that gently prods us to change our clothes or get back into the house. Followership is the rainbow that is created by the storm or the shrinking pond that follows hard upon a drought.

THREE YEARS AGO I WAS BLESSED with a W.K. Kellogg Foundation fellowship focusing on leadership. As a result of that experience I now know that leadership is not like the weather, but rather leadership is determined by how we respond to the weather. That is, the kind of weather into which we are willing to venture, and how well each of our own personal ships behave in stormy or calm times, determine whether we are leaders with the ability to chart our own courses, or whether we are more like leader-rafts, or even leader-buoys, subjected to the whims of the wind and the tide.

The Cash Machine Society

FOR THE PAST 10 YEARS, I've worked as a consultant conducting studies of public problems for a variety of clients. A state environmental agency would hire me to estimate the economic costs associated with an air-quality regulation, or a group of farmers would retain my services to find ways of reducing their electricity bills. It generally wasn't hard work, and without much effort I made a six-figure income. My computer was like a cash machine: put words and statistics in, and currency from clients came spilling out. Sometimes the work was challenging, more often it was boring, and I didn't get to do all the projects I wanted. But, in general, life was a breeze.

I DON'T THINK MY EXPERIENCE was much different from any other white-collar worker's. My friends in banking, telecommunications, government, and even high-end nonprofits generally made good livings manipulating data or ideas. Occasionally, institutions downsized or merged, or their missions changed, but none of this did permanent damage to my friends' income. One way or another, we of a certain class find ways to pray before the wall of cash, and out comes our money.

THE ONE RULE that must be followed to make this lifestyle a successful one is that we must serve somebody. This is not necessarily a bad thing, in the "I'm a slave to the never-ending conveyor belt of widgets" way. But it does mean that we must sign on to someone else's vision of the future, whether it be how to best provide banking services; what kind of commodity is going to be sold over the Internet; or, in my case, which public policy deserves sufficient attention to change it. Creativity is allowed within the bounds of the agreed-upon mission, but if you wander past those borders, you risk going "AWOL" and losing your job. In the very best of circumstances the trade-off is clear: sign on to an agreeable cause, consent to operate within a certain organizationally determined map, and in exchange receive money, and, we hope, some amount of personal satisfaction.

FOLLOWING THE "HOMO-ORGANIZATIONAL" PATH also enables us to yield over some of life's larger questions – such as what is the meaning of our professional existence – to our bosses. Like adopting a religion or getting married, serving somebody means giving over to their worldview, committing to their basic life philosophy. Likewise, by attaching ourselves to larger institutions, we can avoid the personal rejection so familiar to artists, writers, and small-business owners. People may not like United Airlines, Washington Mutual Bank, or their cable television provider, but that doesn't mean we think ill of United's flight attendants, Washington's tellers, or our cable installer. When an organization is rejected, it's nothing personal.

Entrepreneurial Leadership

OVER THE PAST FEW YEARS, prompted by my Kellogg fellowship, I've broken away from the cash machine, and suffered, as well as enjoyed, the consequences. I've written a novel, and to date have received more than two dozen rejection letters from literary agents or publishers and been roundly ignored by many more. After years of putting words into a computer and automatically getting cash back, I have discovered that only certain words have monetary value, while others, no matter how beautiful they are, are worth no more than the cheap paper on which they are written.

MORE IMPORTANT, in pursuing a small Kellogg-funded project I've begun to learn the true meaning of leadership. My project focused on creating methods – public art, performances, and educational materials – to strengthen citizens' relationship to "place" as a way of improving civic participation. The project emerged from a series of Kellogg-sponsored activities in which I participated, but it's fundamentally something I personally created. No client ordered it; no institution thought it should be done. This, the creative act of developing an idea, is where entrepreneurship starts. And leadership begins when the idea-maker tries to transform that idea into reality.

I HAVE NO "POSITION" IN LIFE, no title which commands a prompt response to a telephone call from anyone other than my friends and family, and even they sometimes take their time about it. My Kellogg fellowship engendered some respect, but mostly not, since outside of the academic and nonprofit worlds the Foundation has spotty name recognition value, particularly in business or government. As a result, I launched my leadership in uncharted waters, where my vessel's flag was mostly unknown and my cargo completely untested.

PEOPLE SAY THAT SAN FRANCISCO, where I live, has only three types of weather – foggy, cold, or earthquake – and that conditions can change from neighborhood to neighborhood. In pursuing my project, I've found leadership weather to be similar. There are cold snaps of rejection, heat waves of interest, and the sharp winds of other causes seeking to push everything their way. And conditions can change from meeting to meeting.

SO FAR I'VE WEATHERED MANY SMALL STORMS. My income is down by half, a casualty of my impetuous idea-mongering. I was led to believe that two large institutions, a city and a university, would support grant proposals for my project, but the proposals were dropped in late-breaking ways that eliminated my chances of successfully applying for additional funds. Many of my calls are never returned; those that are require a quick wit and a clear rapport to successfully garner any interest from the person on the other end of the line.

I HAVE ALSO SAILED IN SUNNY WEATHER. A community-based nonprofit has adopted my project, and has served as my fiscal agent for the Kellogg funds. The people from whom I do obtain attention usually applaud my ideas, and some congratulate me for pressing forward against harsh odds.

ALL THIS IS TO SAY that entrepreneurial leaders face uncertain climate conditions whenever they launch an idea. The large weather fronts – established institutions – have missions of their own, and are not quick to pay attention to other ideas, much less incorporate them into their crusades. Droughts, in the form of no response, or worse, outright rejection, are a frequent occurrence. And sometimes the sun shines upon you as if you are the only being it loves, and you can bask in its warm glow.

LEADERS MUST BE READY FOR WHATEVER COMES, rain or shine. When it's dark and dreary outside, we must look to our inner resources to find the energy to keep at it. When it's foggy, the only compass we can rely on is in our head and in our heart. When the sun comes out, we need to be ready to cast off our clothing and soak in its healing power, or to cover up when its shiny rays blind us to our cause. We can't change the weather; we can choose only how to respond to it, and build our ships so that they sail watertight to the destination we have chosen. After all, as one philosopher points out, "A ship in port is safe, but that's not what ships are for."

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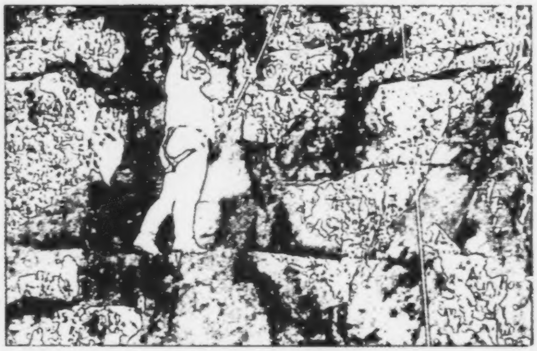

Donna L. Burgraff *writes about her experiences as a Kellogg fellow participating in a Colorado Outward Bound experience. Facing fear of the unknown, Donna relates how she learned to depend on the support of others in overcoming seemingly overwhelming challenges. She describes the importance of communication, persistence, courage, humility, and humor as she discovered the exhilaration of taking risks that she had never faced. In looking back at her experience, she reflects, "Not all of us can be rock-climbing leaders, but we can all be belaying leaders as we support others in their efforts to make a difference."*

LEADERSHIP LESSONS IN ROCK CLIMBING

By Donna L. Burgraff

WHEN I WAS NOTIFIED that I had been selected as a Kellogg fellow, I was very excited for it meant that I had been chosen, and it's always nice to be chosen. That excitement quickly changed to trepidation. During our first fellowship gathering, I learned that fellows would spend five days at Outward Bound completing a wilderness training course. To say that wilderness and I do not exactly get along is an understatement! My idea of roughing it is staying in a motel without room service, so I did not look forward to spending five days at wilderness training. I wondered, "What is this going to teach me except how to be uncomfortable?" What I learned at Outward Bound was one of the most powerful leadership lessons of my fellowship experience.

THE OUTWARD BOUND EXPERIENCE began in Denver, Colorado, where my Kellogg group and I spent a few days becoming accustomed to the higher elevation. Our next stop was the Outward Bound camp in Leadville, Colorado.

EACH MORNING WE AWOKE around 6 o'clock to begin our day with calisthenics. Nothing like exercise before the sun comes up to start your day! After that we broke into small groups to participate in the day's activities. My group called itself "Team Hallelujah" because on the first day we had to sing the Hallelujah Chorus; therefore, we thought the name was appropriate. We spent our days doing team-building exercises, rope courses, overnight solos, and all the other Outward Bound staples. Most of it was fun and challenging. You learn a lot about yourself when you are scared to death, overcome that fear, and succeed.

FINALLY, the day came to head to another part of the camp to do the rock climb. I live in the Appalachian Mountains of West Virginia; I know what a rock looks like and what a mountain looks like. That was no rock they wanted us to climb. It was a mountain -- several hundred feet straight up!

WE WERE GIVEN AN HOUR'S LESSON on rock climbing and the correct use of equipment. We all put on our harnesses and helmets and looked like real rock climbers. One of the things the instructors told us is that women seem to do better at rock climbing than do men, at least initially. That is because a climber must use all four extremities in rock climbing and cannot use only arms to pull up the rock. Because women do not have as much upper body strength as men, we are accustomed to using our legs more. This appealed to me. Perhaps I had an advantage.

WE WERE GOING TO USE A THREE-PERSON rock-climbing team on this particular day, spending time at each position. Of course, there would be the rock climber. We would also have a rope feeder, who feeds the rope through his/her harness to the harness of a belayer. In this sort of climbing formation, it is the belayer who controls the climb. The belayer starts the climb, ends the climb, and is at all times responsible for the safety of the rock climber.

IT WAS FINALLY TIME TO BEGIN CLIMBING. I first took the position of rope feeder. I ran the rope through my harness to the belayer's harness. At this position I stayed on the ground and made sure that the belayer and climber had enough rope. The rope was run through my harness in case the climber should slip. The idea is that the harness would catch the climber before he/she fell too far. There really was nothing to it. I was surprised, however, to learn we would not be using gloves. We were told that we needed to feel the rope with our fingers, and gloves would interfere with that.

THEN IT WAS MY TURN TO CLIMB. So that we could feel the rock beneath our feet, we were asked to wear our sneakers – not those expensive hiking boots I had bought. We were to keep at least three extremities on the rock at all times. If we were searching for something to hold onto, we were to slide the fingers of one hand up, keeping the other hand and both legs on the rock. If we were going to boost ourselves up with a leg, then the other leg and both hands were to stay on the rock. Keeping all this in mind, I began to climb.

AFTER I WAS ABOUT 15 FEET IN THE AIR, I fell. Of course, I had to be the first one to fall and naturally, as I started to fall I let out a blood-curdling scream so that everyone stared at me. In that instant I was falling, I realized two things. One, I was going to hit the ground. I was falling hard and fast. Two, I was going to land on my feet, for my belayer was on the ground working my ropes. My harness tugged tightly. As scared as I was, I felt a great deal of comfort at the same time.

When I landed, the Outward Bound instructors ran over to see if I was all right. Truthfully, I think I scared them and my belayer and rope feeder more than I scared myself. As I was standing there, I waved everyone off. I wanted to get right back on that rock because I knew if I didn't, I would never attempt to climb it. So I started climbing the rock again.

CLIMBING A ROCK FACE IS HARD. There is literally blood, sweat, and tears. I thought I could not make it. There were times when I thought I would never find a little crevice to get my fingers into, or a small ledge to set a foot on. When a climber gets to the top of the rock, the view is great. The climber stands there with a feeling of accomplishment, forgetting the blood, sweat, tears, and fears and savoring the moment of a job well done.

THE NEXT POSITION I TRIED WAS AS A BELAYER. First, the belayer is tied from the back of the harness to the ground so that in case of a fall, at least he/she would not roll far. Next, I took the rope from the rope feeder and ran it through my harness. A belayer is to keep two hands on the rope at all times. We were shown how to pull the rope up and drop it without ever letting go. Next I passed the rope to the rock climber to tie herself off. A member of Team Hallelujah, Marsha, would be my rock climber.

MARSHA WENT OVER TO THE ROCK, and I signaled to her that she could begin the climb. She just stood there. Finally, Marsha turned around and said, "I can't do it." An instructor came over and told us both to get some lunch and then come back. It took me about five minutes to get untied from the back, and then Marsha and I walked over to have a sandwich. While eating lunch, I talked with others who were taking a break. Marsha just sat there staring at the rock.

After a half hour or so, she said, "Okay, I'm ready." We began to walk back toward the rock. All the way over there I thought, "We're going to get over there, and I'm going to get tied off again, but she won't climb that rock." I could see the fear in her face.

WE FOUND A ROPE FEEDER and secured our ropes. To my surprise, Marsha began to climb. Knowing that she was so nervous and scared, I made sure that I kept her rope nice and tight. If she fell, she was not going to drop. As Marsha climbed I kept cheering her on: "You can do it. Way to go. You're getting there." When she was about 60 feet in the air she just stopped. She did not move at all. I kept cheering, but I knew that she did not hear a single word I was saying. So I did the only thing that was in my power to do. I took that rope and pulled on it as hard as I possibly could. From the ground, I could see her harness ride up. Yep, I gave her a super wedgie! It worked. Marsha began to climb again.

WHEN SHE WAS ABOUT 75 FEET IN THE AIR, Marsha fell. Because I was not putting any slack in her rope, she did not move a single inch. She immediately began to climb again and finally made it to the top of the rock and, probably more important to her, back down again.

When she was on the ground and I ended the climb, Marsha walked over to me. She told me that when she fell without actually moving, she knew I had her and that she could make it to the top of the rock because I was not going to let her fall.

AT THE END OF THE WEEK, Team Hallelujah sat around a campfire. We were asked individually to talk about the highlight of the week. For many, the highlight was making it to the top of the rock. My highlight was that Marsha made it to the top of the rock.

On the plane home I was struck by how much rock climbing taught me about leadership. In fact, each rock-climbing position is a symbol of a different leadership position.

FIRST IS THE ROPE-FEEDING LEADER. This is a valuable kind of leadership in which a person is in and out of a situation quickly. This kind of leadership involves sharing expertise, information, and insight. This may be a person who speaks at a seminar or provides technical assistance. It is most often short-term but no less meaningful to the lives of others.

THE ROCK-CLIMBING LEADER is that out-front, up-front person that we can all point to and say, "There's the leader." Many times this kind of leader will make mistakes and fail. The mistakes are very public. It is also the leader who takes the risks, who looks for those little crevices of hope. The rock-climbing leader works hard to be successful, usually under a bright light of focused attention from others.

WHEN THIS KIND OF LEADER REACHES THE TOP, one of two things generally happen. After enjoying the view that she richly deserves to enjoy, this leader looks down to see the people who stayed on the ground so that she could climb. Many times the successful leader will look at those people and realize how richly blessed she is. Those people made the climb possible. The rock-climber leader knows who is responsible for the trip to the top. Sometimes, however, the leader at the top spits down on those on the ground. Somehow this rock climber forgets that the climb to the top is never truly made alone.

THEN THERE IS THE BELAYER LEADER. This, after all, is the person responsible for the climb, for keeping the rock climber safe. This leader must pay special attention, making sure that the rock climber has adequate rope to climb but not so much that the rock climber will get hurt if she fails. On those occasions when the rock-climbing leader gets stuck, the belayer leader may even need to yank on that rope and give a wedgie or two. This leader stays on the ground to enable others to climb. This is the leader outsiders rarely see, but the climb would not happen without her.

On numerous occasions I have been in a rope-feeding leadership position. I often speak to groups or conduct seminars hoping that some small part of what I share will help others. I have even spent time working with a high school leadership class trying to provide them with some of the leadership lessons I have learned.

I HAVE BEEN A ROCK-CLIMBER type of leader most of my life. People are able to see me and see my successes. I get projects accomplished; I run seminars; I am a Kellogg fellow. I make mistakes, and people see them and remind me of them. Sometimes I think I will not make it, and sometimes I do not. But I always land on my feet and go right back at it.

I can do that because I have always had a great support system. I have been able to sit at the feet of many talented leaders and have them feed me some rope. I have been able to take the skills and expertise they shared with me on my climbs.

MOST OF ALL, I have had some incredible belayers in my life. My mom and my cousin Jody come immediately to mind. They have stayed on the ground many times so I could climb, and no one can give wedgie-reminders like my mom. Some of my belayers are no longer on this earth, like my Mem-maw, my aunt Louise, and uncle Henry. I can still feel their love and support on those ropes.

I do not have space to name all of my belayers, but I do remember each and every one in my heart. They fill me with confidence, joy, and admiration. Whenever I fall, these people catch me and enable me to try again. I can feel their love and use it as my safety rope. Whenever I am fortunate to stand on the top of that rock, I never stand there alone.

I AM TRYING TO USE MY BELAYERS as examples when I assume a belaying leadership position for others. I try to provide strong support. I want the rock climbers in my life to feel safe to take the risk and climb. And yes, I give wedgies now and then, even though Dustan, Tiffany, Meredith, and Christina may not always appreciate them. I receive a great deal of satisfaction as I watch them succeed and stand on the top of the rock.

OUTWARD BOUND TAUGHT ME a lot about leadership and myself. There are many kinds of leadership. Leadership is more than the person who is out front, up front. It takes the work of many people for one to succeed. Once success is attained, not everyone gets to see the view from the top; however, that does not make any person's contributions any less significant. We all provide leadership to others in some way.

I LEARNED TO LOOK AT LEADERSHIP from a whole new perspective, gaining an appreciation for its many forms. Not everyone is a rock-climbing leader. In fact, perhaps our greatest accomplishments come when we serve as belaying leaders.

Dr. Donna L. Burgraff, a Group XIV Kellogg fellow, resides in the Appalachian coalfields of West Virginia. She is currently director of the Southern Mountain Center, a regional center of Marshall University. Over the past several years Donna has developed two leadership programs for residents of Appalachia and has published articles about both. She holds a bachelor's degree with distinction in English/German and a master's degree in counseling from Eastern Kentucky University. Donna also holds a master's degree in adult education from Marshall University and a doctorate in education administration from West Virginia University.

__Faye M. Yoshihara__ explores new ways of thinking about collaboration among private and community sectors and expanding the possibilities of multisector partnerships in pursuit of sustainable economic development. Using her Kellogg fellowship funding to work with a community in Peru, Faye provides great insight into the blessings and limitations of development of communities. She states that as a result of her work in the jungle and the leadership lessons learned, she hopes to build bridges "between here and there, us and them, you and me, and head and heart." Discussing real people in real communities, Faye shares her own leadership growth and understanding with the reader as she seeks a new global commons – one that has respect for, and the ability to live in, greater harmony with the natural world and with one another.

LEADERSHIP LESSONS FROM THE JUNGLE

By Faye M. Yoshihara

KUALA LUMPUR, MALAYSIA, RAINY SEASON, 1996. "Selamat Jalan" ... "walk in peace," I silently translated to myself, as I left in my typical American rush. That short phrase slowed me to a saunter. For a brief moment, I marveled at the incredible beauty of my tropical surroundings. I reflected on a sense of humanity that seemed in danger of extinction. People who still seemed sincere in their greetings lived in close communities and in harmony with the natural world that surrounded them. Emerging markets were destroying the very essence of the people's uniqueness in their rush toward desired status as newly industrialized countries. Indigenous cultures, creatures, and plants were destroyed as the people raced to catch up with the "developed North." I wondered what we could learn from the "developing South." And what, beyond cordiality, were we losing in our global rush to the future?

EACH NEW EXPATRIATE ASSIGNMENT in the developing South brought me more horrific examples of the consequences, unintended or otherwise, of economic development. It was hard to pass by barefoot Amazonian or Dayak people, huddled in groups outside supermarkets. As they sat hundreds of miles from their forested homes with their few belongings in woven bark baskets, they appeared to have been churned out of an ill-conceived time machine. Their images still haunt me. I had learned to live and to manage businesses within the rhythmic chaos of emerging markets, but it often seemed to take all my energy just to keep a business afloat day to day, let alone think about the broader-system impacts of my actions. It bothered me that doctors and lawyers in the developing South would vie for entry-level sales jobs, but I knew they considered a job with a multinational their best, most viable career option, with high standards and pay. As an employer, I was proud to provide transport from the slums to give people their first paying job in the formal economy. I could defend the benefits of legal employment in keeping 14-year-old girls out of prostitution, or of cottage industries in keeping families intact. I did not see them as vehicles for forced child labor. Above all, I admired the creative spirit of people to invent elegant, yet inexpensive solutions to whatever problems faced them. Necessity is indeed the mother of invention in a world where purchased options are too expensive or scarce to consider.

IN MY LITTLE WORLD, I was sheltered by the positive side of economic development, working amongst a few hard-working, honest folks who cared about their communities and did not abuse their children. I knew firsthand the power of a multinational corporation to mobilize global teams in pursuit of a common, albeit commercial goal, and locally saw this same creative energy harnessed toward the common good. Whether it was the adoption of a local village, or busloads of employees going out to paint houses or pick up litter, it was the collective power of people in community.

CERTAINLY THE RANGE of corporate citizens is wide, ranging from pure self-interest to those who volunteer endless hours in their communities. I saw the glass as half full and was not fully aware of the larger, broader system and role that business has in the world, which to some must appear like a glass nearly empty. So began my experience as a Kellogg fellow. I had hoped to explore common ground with other fellows but found that it would take time to build bridges in a polarized world, and it would take time for me to learn from the many people who live with the reality of a nearly empty glass.

WITH THE GIFT of a Kellogg fellowship, I pursued my dream to see what greater role the private sector could play in sustainable economic development and confirm my belief that the "global South" is filled with a wealth of human, social, and natural capital that is vastly undervalued. The next three years would be filled with leadership lessons as I worked with an innovative joint venture (JV) eco-tourism project, co-owned by a private enterprise and a community in the Amazon basin of Peru, a community someone had heartlessly named *Infierno* – "hell." It was my chance to learn the vision, values, and dilemmas of one native community, dominated by two somewhat polarized ethnic groups: Ese'eja, an Amazonian indigenous tribe, and Mestizos, people of mixed blood. It was also my chance to witness the role that private business can play in community development. I had to slow down and adapt to a different sense of time and priority, a different rhythm of life. Each visit to the Amazon peeled back another glimpse of reality as a new lesson emerged from the folds of the jungle, each as subtle or shocking as the multiple shades of green that I learned to appreciate more on each trip.

INFIERNO TAUGHT ME two intergenerational lessons. The first is that joy must be in the daily journey, because individuals will rarely see the destination; the second is that it is arrogant cultural imperialism to think that an indigenous culture should be frozen in time. Whether a culture is moving toward first-time electric power or high-speed Internet access, we all evolve. Self-determination should be the key for any community to chart its course forward. Amongst my many lessons from the jungle, I recall one that gave me a glimpse into the value of economic development and self-determination.

INFIERNO, MADRE DE DIOS, PERU, DRY SEASON, 2000. We boarded an outboard-powered dugout along with eight tourists and left the hot, grimy port town of Puerto Maldonado behind. I was on my way to Infierno, to document what $10,000 in "seed capital" could do in the hands of intensely creative "human capital." On periodic visits over two years, I had watched the committees work and felt a part of the community. The buzz of the motor settled into white noise and with the river narrowing around me, I entered a trance world of green. Nearly three hours later, the motor downshifted and signaled my return to the world of the present. We stopped along the red clay banks of the River Tambopata where Vanessa, Patricia, and I disembarked on a makeshift wooden plank, waved goodbye, and pushed off the boat's bow, so it could continue upriver to the JV, Posadas Amazonas Lodge. Loaded with bags for the community, we walked slowly up the steep, crumbling bank to Infierno, where the monthly Control Committee (governing body for the lodge) was scheduled to convene.

PATRICIA WAS THE LODGE MANAGER, representing the private partner, Rainforest Expeditions; Vanessa was a young biologist and project coordinator who had kept the committees moving by putting her heart and spunky energy into every aspect of Infierno. The three of us stood waiting on the schoolroom porch, listening to the schoolchildren spell, loudly and in unison, the names of animals common to the jungle. Gradually, nine men from the community wandered into the smaller half of a two-room elementary school. The room grew cramped with their bodies, perched on miniature chairs and tables. After surviving two years as the committee's only woman, Angelica had finally given up her position. Antonio, president of the committee, a tall, quiet man with distinct features showing his highland origins, called the meeting to order with his normal manner of mumbling softly through a protocol designed more for a political assembly than for a business meeting. The secretary was called upon to read the minutes of the last meeting and solicit agenda items, which quickly devolved into a cascade of divergent themes, including the demonstration of a shoulder X-ray and a discussion of the immoral behavior of one particular community member.

SOME TIME LATER, an agenda of 18 items was finally compiled, of which I could count five as being strictly about the community, not the JV. It was going to be a long meeting. In no time a smoky haze settled over the room and the power, relationships, and dynamics of this little community unfolded before my eyes. Item number four was a discussion about the first profits made by the lodge. Loan payments and net profits, as well as the community projects their share of net profits could actually fund, were new concepts to the committee members. I sat in admiration as a room full of subsistence farmers took on the challenge of business finances.

LUNCH BROKE UP THE TEDIUM of the agenda as the midday sun beat relentlessly on the tin roof. The slight morning breeze that had passed through the slatted walls gave way to a stagnant calm. The committee members took their positions seriously, and as the room grew gradually darker they continued a robust and nonlinear (to my Western-trained mind) discussion of the agenda items, punctuated by someone's futile attempt to insert rules of meeting etiquette.

THANKFULLY, NIGHT COMES QUICKLY in the jungle, announced by the squawks of macaws and parrots returning to roost and the rising crescendo of bullfrogs, bamboo rats, and other night creatures. Everyone knew the dangers of traveling on the river at night, so with some haste, the last three agenda items were finished with greater speed, and we gathered our belongings to leave. The men left still discussing agenda item number four (profits), guided easily by the light of the stars, while I scrambled for my flashlight and the outhouse before making my way to the dark river and the dugout ride back to the lodge. On the dark, starlit ride I reflected on the differences between this meeting and my first with the Control Committee. In that one, the lodge's "birth father" and co-owner of Rainforest Expeditions, Eduardo, carried the meeting and group along with his high energy and business savvy. He was working on his exit strategy from day-to-day operations, realizing the committee had become dependent upon him to get things done. In this meeting, the community members worked their way through the issues, coming to solutions as equals with their private partners.

DINNER WAS BEING SERVED when we arrived at the lodge, and the dining hall was buzzing with activity. River otters had been sighted at Tres Chimbadas Lake; an anthropology student was busily interviewing tourists; and a fresh crew of community members had rotated into the kitchen and wait-staff positions. New handicrafts decorated the tables, and by all appearances the eco-tourism business was humming right along.

BY 4 A.M., the Peruvian biologists *cum* guides were making their wake-up call for the tourists who were off to witness the macaws' ritual sunrise arrival to eat at the clay lick. I arrived at the dining hall in time to see the parade of tourists, guides, boatmen, and flashlights make their way down to the river. The hall was quiet and empty except for Cesar, who was cleaning up the tables. A charming young Mestizo with an easy smile and an eternal look of hopefulness etched on his face, he stopped to talk and practice a couple lines of English with me. Cesar had hitched his star of hope to learning English and becoming a guide.

AFTER BREAKFAST, Vanessa and I loaded into a *pequi-pequi*, the self-explanatory name for the local slow, motorized dugouts, and made our way back towards Infierno. Climbing the steep slope once more, we came to rest at the *bodega* (small store) on one side of the *fútbol* field. The only sign of life was a scraggly white hen, strutting back and forth across her domain. The store-owner's wife soon popped her head out the kiosk-style window, which divided the store from their home in the back. We positioned a log under the shade of a tree, sat down, and waited in anticipation. After finishing morning chores, members of the Artisan Committee began ambling across the field and up the trails, carrying old plastic bags or gunnysacks. Gradually, the table filled with beautiful baskets, fans, and *anchama* (pounded bark cloth) decorated with natural dyes and made into rather respectable-looking handbags. Completing the array were necklaces of brilliant orange and black seeds; carved balsa tapir, macaw, and armadillo; and even bow and arrows, this time made without a single endangered harpy eagle feather. It was fantastic to see the artisans giving each other feedback and encouragement about their work.

IN COMPLETE CONTRAST to the prior day's Control Committee meeting, one session ran seamlessly into another without watches or agendas, the same people appearing and disappearing with the natural rhythm of a self-organizing system. One woman wanted to know if I had aspirin, even though she had an equivalent (or better) remedy outside her door. I traded a couple of prestigious pills for some lemongrass from her yard, making it clear that I valued the herbal remedy. The status given to modern conveniences that Infierno did not possess manifested itself in interesting ways and always provided a chance for a curious dialogue from both sides, whether it was about the tractor that one member of the Agricultural Committee insisted they needed to grow larger monoculture crops for cash, as did farmers from the "city," or about the swimming pool someone on the Urbanization Committee suggested, despite the beautiful river outside their doorstep, which served the purposes of bathing, swimming, and fishing. For now, the agreed-upon priorities of a secondary school, potable water, basic health care, and electricity are in the queue before a tractor or swimming pool, but the latter two remain interesting bridges that might be crossed someday. Like the rest of the world, there exists considerable gray space between "needs" and "wants."

WE MOVED ACROSS the *fútbol* field to the fire pit, near the school. With no apparent signal, six women burst into activity as the half-burnt logs were rearranged. Out of nowhere, an old dented Bundt pan, two metal sheets made from oil cans, and bags of cooking ingredients appeared. The value-added foods subcommittee wanted to show me their latest invention, a torte made from homemade bean flour instead of purchased wheat flour. A nitrogen-fixing cover crop, the beans had no prior use except to enrich the soil. The Agricultural Committee announced that they had abandoned the bee project, but with the help of an agronomist from the city, the ever-enthusiastic Evaristo was still working on the introduction of rotation and organic farming techniques. They had started an experimental farm to demonstrate the value of these new ideas. The man who really wanted the tractor remained skeptical.

SUDDENLY, A MAN'S SHARP, MILITARY-ESQUE VOICE shouted "1-2-3-4, 1-2-3-4." I looked up to see 18 young community members, ranging considerably in age and size, walking like tin soldiers on the *fútbol* field, trying hard to stay in formation. It was the first high school class, formed a mere three weeks earlier! They were going to march the following week in the Independence Day parade in Puerto Maldonado. The Urbanization Committee had succeeded in pleading their case to the provincial government, and a teacher was approved. Until funding could be secured for a proper building, the community hall would serve as their schoolroom. For the first time, kids could study past sixth grade in Infierno.

BY MID-AFTERNOON, we had finished eating the freshly baked *macuna* torte, which looked like it could have come out of a modern oven instead of a hole in the ground. School was out, farm work done, and magically, as if on cue, the field began to fill with *fútbol* players. Some came by *pequi-pequi*, while others paddled across the river in small dugouts; others walked. The field filled with strong young men putting on their best alpha-male personas; smiling, high-energy young boys; and even a few women in skirts. Each group gravitated to a different area. As players dropped old, worn-out balls on the dusty field, practice began. I sat with the old men under a shade tree, listening to impassioned arguments over who should be Infierno's starters and which other communities were going to be tough this season. This was serious business. Watching the ferocity of practice and hearing each goal of last Sunday's game recounted, I reminded myself of the real importance of economic development. It was the ability to keep the community intact, having an option to stay instead of escaping poverty by fleeing to the city ... and to keep the *fútbol* team in Infierno.

MY KELLOGG PROJECT has confirmed my belief that business and community share a great number of common interests and goals. In this case, business will not succeed unless the community succeeds, and capacity building will determine the human, social, and natural capital gains in addition to financial success. The ability to manage change and conflict is important on all fronts, from ethnic differences to the changing status of women to the impact of money on power. Eco-tourism has helped the community revalue their culture and language. Tourist interest in locally produced handicrafts, indigenous ritual, ethno-botany, and language piqued community interest in tapping elders' memories and teaching Ese'eja language in the school. However, increased attention on the

Ese'eja left the Mestizo and other indigenous cultures feeling left out and devalued. The desire of tourists to visit Infierno had to be balanced with the need to respect community privacy. While the community has an inherent respect for living in harmony with their natural environment, competing economic and social concerns far outweigh environmental concerns. Eco-tourism had the ability to shift attitudes toward conservation. When the community realized that tourists came to see macaws, the people changed their custom of making macaw soup. The endangered harpy eagle rose in status from just another chicken to community mascot.

CAN COMMUNITIES SHARE their culture without exploiting it? Eco-tourism and culture can be a double-edged sword, and outsiders can make a case for community wealth creation and destruction. Involvement without exploitation should be considered a necessary and healthy ongoing debate of community development. A continuing dialogue amongst community members, business partners, and outside stakeholders will be important to avoid unintended consequences and to ensure that decisions are made consciously and purposefully by the community.

IN THE WORLD OF BUSINESS, I confirmed that dedicated entrepreneurs with a vision and ability to execute can create a competitive market advantage while generating shareholder and community wealth. The recognition of the triple bottom line (people, planet, profit) is intuitive to social entrepreneurs and traditional societies. It is not, however, a part of traditional financial measures and is a missing link in our broader society. Initially, I was to help the JV develop a business plan, but soon realized that the broader community issues and JV issues were deeply entwined and only a holistic community development plan would ensure the JV's long-term success. During the three-year period, I witnessed undercapitalized entrepreneurs creatively access capital, face the challenge of staying off the brink of failure in the midst of chaos, and enjoy initial commercial success – all typical of start-up businesses. More unusual was being witness not only to the power of first-time ownership and self-determination – the 20-year, generational-long road toward developing capacity – but also the impact of eco-tourism on attitudes toward conservation and culture. More difficult was to observe the struggle for power in Infierno, exacerbated by success, which kept the fate of the lodge swinging in the balance. I wondered how many of the businesspeople I knew would take this level of risk and personal commitment, despite the financial return.

BUT THEN I RECALLED A LONG TRIP upriver to an isolated Ese'eja community that resulted in the private sector partner, Eduardo, receiving a priceless gift for his commitment. On that trip to the community of So'nene, Juan, president of Infierno, tried for two days to explain the lodge to community leaders. Finally he said with some exasperation, "You just have to see it." Accepting the invitation, Gregorio, So'nene's president, accompanied us back downriver. The look of awe on Gregorio's normally stoic face as he entered the main lodge and dining hall, coupled with the look of pride on Juan's face as he introduced Gregorio to "our lodge," said it all. Social entrepreneurism is complex, but building partnerships across sectors is an excellent way to move forward, and has its just rewards.

THE FINAL LESSON I TAKE from Infierno is the need for new ways of thinking from all sectors and the expanding possibilities of multisector partnerships. For the private sector, this means to work in the long-term interests of shareholders *and* to participate in changing our global commons. In the end, I remain convinced that the private sector has the internal interests, resources, and unique global reach to effect change toward sustainable development. So how will I move forward? A few people from all sectors are looking for collaborative ways to participate in building a new global commons: a commons that has respect for and the ability to live in greater harmony with the natural world and with one another. I have joined them. I will build on a foundation of the best of business ethics and corporate citizenship learned from multinational and local companies with whom I have been proud to work; one of listening and adapting to local culture and norms without sacrificing the values and standards of a world-class enterprise. I will attempt to properly value the global South for its human, social, and natural capital, in addition to measuring traditional financial success. And I will seek out partnerships. My search for sustainable development begins by bridging interests across sectors – between "here and there," "us and them," "you and me," and "head and heart."

Faye Yoshihara, a Group XVI Kellogg fellow, currently calls Portland, Oregon, "home," although she can usually be found somewhere in the southern hemisphere. Following a 20-year corporate career with Nike Inc. and S.C. Johnson & Son Inc., she recently started her own consulting company, specializing in sustainable economic development. Faye holds degrees from Oregon State University and the Kellogg School of Management, Northwestern University.

***Ken Fox** chronicles the story of a 16-year-old Dominican-American male from Roxbury, a poor neighborhood in Boston. As a pediatrician, Ken found himself face-to-face with Adelberto's dilemma, one as complicated as the health challenges Adelberto faced. Using a cultural element known to the learner to teach a new subject was one response to a tough issue and called upon the author's creativity and willingness to be a learner himself. Curiosity and his caring love as a physician for those in need led Ken to explore the world of black and Latin male youth, including hip-hop culture and rap music. As a Kellogg fellow, Ken explored the question, "Can hip-hop cultural forms, so profitable to popular commercial interests, also be used as tools for literacy development?" The creation of the Hip-Hop Literacy Program (HHLP) resulted from the lessons learned. With a writing style that is poetic at times, the author invites the reader to learn more about the dilemma of the youth with whom he worked in Boston and why HHLP was created. For himself, Ken discovered the true meaning of transforming servant leadership. He learned the importance of not only having a vision, but also the significance of implementing that vision. Otherwise, one runs the danger of being only a dreamer.*

ADELBERTO'S DILEMMA

By Ken Fox

It's funny how money changes a situation.

– Seven-time Grammy Award winner Lauryn Hill
from "Lost One," *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*

In order for the oppressed to be able to wage the struggle for their liberation, they must perceive the reality of oppression not as a closed world from which there is no exit, but as a limiting situation which they can transform.

– Paulo Freire, *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*

I play what the times recommend.

– Miles Davis

THE HIP-HOP LITERACY PROGRAM (HHLP) is a community-based, learner-centered, social justice–oriented literacy development program for urban, minority male adolescents. The program uses elements of hip-hop culture and music to improve reading, writing, and critical-thinking skills of participants. As a Kellogg fellow I learned to think of literacy development as a kind of health intervention, because of the way it can transform the nature of health risks. I want to tell you a story about the nature and power of those risks.

ADELBERTO IS A 16-YEAR-OLD Dominican-American male from Roxbury, a poor neighborhood in Boston, Massachusetts. One fine day he called my pediatric clinic with the chief complaint, "Cough." Though he hadn't been in for several years, as a child he'd been seen many times in the clinic for chronic asthma. We knew he was somewhere out there because his medical chart was filled with the faxed notices of times he'd registered in emergency rooms across the city. Follow-up appointment dates came and went. So when Adelberto called the clinic on that day, the triage nurse urged him to come in to meet with me, his "new" doctor. When I met Adelberto, my life changed forever.

DRESSED IN BAGGY JEANS, a red, white, and blue Tommy Hilfiger hooded sweatshirt, fat gold chain, big black Timberland boots, and baseball cap – bill to the side – he lumbered into the room and hopped on the exam table. "What brings you here today, Adelberto?"

"Nothin', Doc. Jus' this cough."

HE PULLED OFF HIS SWEATSHIRT and my eyes were drawn to two old scars on his slim brown body – one on his right shoulder, one above the right nipple. "What's this? And that?" "Oh, I got stabbed last summer. These dudes thought I was somebody else." I listened with my stethoscope. Wheezing everywhere.

He dropped his pants, revealing another scar. This one was an old bullet wound in his left calf. "Aw yeah, Doc. I forgot. I caught one when 'ese dudes snatched my chain on the train."

I FINISHED MY EXAM and sat down in silence. What, after all, could I possibly do or say to really speak to his condition – to make him safe? In this moment, I was struck with the sad news that my world-class pediatric training hadn't prepared me very well to understand Adelberto's dilemma. So what we did instead was negotiate a plan to manage his asthma – the most distal cause of his cough. I wrote prescriptions. I told him, "Of course, you've got to stop smoking," and slipped him a bag of condoms. "Come back and see me next week. I want to know how you're doing. And Adelberto, if you don't show up, I know where you live."

I JOTTED A QUICK NOTE, and turned to head out. "If there's anything else I can do, just let me know." As I closed the chart, Adelberto pulled from his pocket a crumpled wad of papers. "Yo Doc, could you fill this out?" It was a health form for a position as a baggerboy at Star Market grocers. I filled in my section quickly and handed it back to him, now hopelessly behind in my afternoon schedule of appointments. "Anything else, man?"

"Nah."

I gathered my things and turned to make my exit.

"Hey, Doc, could you do this page for me, too, 'cause, yo, I'm kinda busy."

FRUSTRATED, I walked over to him and pointed out big, black letters at the top of the page: "To Be Completed By Applicant." Without saying a word, I turned again toward the door. Looking back with a nod over my shoulder I said, "Next week, all right?"

With that, Adelberto's eyes filled with tears. And suddenly it dawned on me: Adelberto cannot read. He cannot read this. But how is this possible? How can this be?

One thing I know from my training is that every problem in the clinic has an individual story and a social story. So there are at least two ways to answer the question, "How can this be?"

OVER SUBSEQUENT VISITS, I got to know the details of Adelberto's individual story: He lives in Roxbury. He emigrated from the Dominican Republic at age five with his mother. But her wages as a home health aide have never lifted them out of poverty or prevented their drift from address to address. Adelberto is a smoker and high school dropout at 10th grade. Now he just sits at home watching cartoons or "chills" with friends or goes to visit his infant daughter, who lives with her mother. Adelberto understands viscerally that he needs a job. And lest he forget, his baby's grandmother is there to remind him, "Your baby needs diapers and milk. What kind of man are you?"

BUT ANOTHER ANSWER to the question, "How can this be?" requires that we look at "places" and Adelberto's social story. In a nation and a city of plenty, people in places like the one where I work and where Adelberto lives suffer from what some like scholar Roderick Wallace call a "synergy of plagues." Businesses disappear and tax bases erode; chronic and infectious illnesses flourish; health, education, and social services are inadequate to meet the vast needs; violence and illiteracy loom like shadows upon the routines of everyday experience.

UNDERGROUND ECONOMIES, particularly the street drug trade, thrive and take their toll. And sometimes boys like Adelberto just disappear. Blocks away from some of the most famous health education, research, and care institutions on the face of the earth, residents suffer the burdens of inequality literally from the cradle to the grave.

So on that day, Adelberto and I completed a job application – with the boy dictating all the answers to me.

AS I GOT TO KNOW ADELBERTO better, the particulars of his dilemma became more clearly focused: He sells a little crack from time to time to get the things he needs and wants – food, heat, electricity, milk, diapers, clothes, fat gold chains. And in fact, he'd been stabbed and shot in his role as a "mule" in the street drug trade that thrives just down the block from my clinic.

BOSTON IS A THRIVING METROPOLIS and a national model for violence-prevention programming. As one of the great educational centers of the world, it is a city of great wealth and even greater inequalities in a state with one of the highest poverty rates among Latino children in the nation. Young people like Adelberto exist in a place of real physical violence as well as "structural violence" – conditions, decisions, policies, and practices that harm the health of populations in patterned ways. In a world of a few immiserated blocks people like Adelberto sicken, suffer, and die in stupid, shameful, and preventable ways.

ADELBERTO'S DILEMMA has many sources. However, in my view, cultural representations are crucial to the mechanics of structural violence and the reproduction of systems privilege and poverty that forge his predicament. This is how I became interested in images of black and Latino male urban culture. As a Kellogg fellow, I became fascinated by how these images get made.

IN PRECISELY THE HISTORICAL MOMENT when black and Latino male youth are most marginalized in political and economic terms, they have come to represent the absolute center of dominant symbolic forms in contemporary music, fashion, style, and the visual arts. Hip-hop culture and rap music, which originated in the South Bronx – a place not unlike Adelberto's neighborhood – captures the imagination of young people across the globe. Hip-hop culture and rap music are leading cultural exports. And rap rings like a shot from American slums to Brazilian *favellas*, from San Juan to Santo Domingo to North African enclaves in Paris. Hip-hop is a powerful force for meaning-making from Tokyo to Mexico City and from New York to Capetown. This creation of America's marginalized youth has become big business and an important symbol of youth identity, alienation, and resistance all over the world.

HIP-HOP CULTURE IN GENERAL, and rap in particular, is a hybrid form of creative expression which combines many diverse aspects of popular culture. Some argue that it's really a kind of urban youth narrative, a rhythmic form of storytelling full of word play, fantasy, and celebration, but also of violence, misogyny, materialism, and social suffering on a grand scale. Others have written about rap's connection to other African-American cultural forms like "toasting," "playing the dozens," blues, and jazz.

BUT NOT EVERYONE APPRECIATES THE VITALITY of these cultural forms. Many denounce rap as degraded, demoralizing, destructive, and dissolute. There are tremendous contentions around this cultural form. But for Adelberto and his friends, rap is one of the few joys in a bleak and nearly joyless existence of structural violence.

At the core of my Leadership Action Plan was a basic question: Can hip-hop cultural forms, so profitable to popular, commercial interests, also be used as tools for literacy development?

WORKING IN COLLABORATION with the nonprofit organization Partners in Health (whose executive director is Group XIV fellow Jim Kim), the Boston Adult Literacy Fund, and undergraduate volunteer tutors through Project HEALTH at Boston Medical Center, I created the Hip-Hop Literacy Program.

FOLLOWING THE MODEL of the late philosopher/educator Paulo Freire, my vision was to explore new ways to prepare young people to participate in the transformation of their society. Working in the *favelas* of Brazil, Freire's approach involved creating a dialogue between group leaders and participants. "In the process," he argued, "an individual can gradually perceive his social reality as well as the contradictions in it and in turn become critical of it."

ADELBERTO AND HIS PEERS face a cluster of complex problems. Why focus on literacy ? Because literacy is a fundamental problem on a large scale. About 44 million adults in the United States are functionally illiterate – cannot perform basic reading tasks required to meet the needs of everyday situations. Another 50 million are only marginally literate. Aside from the shame of illiteracy, lack of reading skills is a critical factor in shaping health status. So, I wondered, if Adelberto read better, wouldn't this improve his life chances, his health status, and also lessen his risk for all kinds of structural violence ?

SO THE HIP-HOP LITERACY PROGRAM (HHLP) WAS BORN. The teaching materials are built around hip-hop culture. Sessions are organized around themes like hope, despair, struggle, justice, and transformation of self and community. We use rap lyrics, artist biographies, hip-hop news, movies, videos, and documentaries to stimulate critical discussion, reading, writing, and thinking. The program links a group of urban male minority adolescents with Harvard College undergraduate tutors under the direction of a reading specialist who is also a musician.

FROM THE START I wanted this to be a program that let the world in – in all of its complexity. There would be no censorship and we didn't work with sanitized versions of the music. We did not shrink from controversy. HHLP is not "dress for success." It is not about job readiness. HHLP is about making a preferential option for the poor, about a kind of solidarity into which I want to integrate all aspects of my life's work and leadership.

UNFORTUNATELY, by the time HHLP was up and going, Adelberto had simply disappeared. I never saw him again after those first few visits and my failed attempts to connect him to existing literacy programs. However, the more I screened at clinic, the more I learned of others like him who needed to build their skills.

WE RAN THE SESSIONS TWICE PER WEEK, two and a half hours per session. We provided transportation to and from the sessions. Sometimes this meant picking up folks in my car. Sometimes it meant going to the door or into the house. Sometimes it even meant going into their rooms to get them up and out. We provided food and prizes. Everyone got a library card. We went on field trips (to see, for example, the movie *The Hurricane*). We did advocacy at home and school.

HOWEVER, DESPITE ALL THESE EFFORTS, over the course of nine months, reading levels as assessed by a standardized test, the WRAT (Wide Range Achievement Test), didn't budge. And despite all the incentives, we still faced tremendous problems with attrition. One lesson I learned through these failures is that many of the same forces that throw you off the pathway toward normal literacy development also make it difficult to remediate the deficits. Another is that the work of the program is often frustrating and difficult because the lives of the young men are so very frustrating and difficult.

GIVEN THESE CONSTRAINTS, we learned to appreciate and savor even small victories. A more qualitative evaluative look reveals some of these. There were notable changes in the participants' experiences of reading and of the written word. On entry into the program, many of the young men had never completed a book from cover to cover. Books were like locked boxes – mere collections of letters. Written words were dead – nothing more than black marks on white paper. The written word didn't mean anything to them but humiliation. But these things changed over the course of the project. And they changed even for guys who didn't stay.

ANOTHER SMALL VICTORY is that before the program, no one had ever heard of Frederick Douglas, Jim Crow, or Thurgood Marshall. Now they know. And three of the program participants became summer literacy interns at the Roxbury Boys and Girls Club, reading to younger kids as they build their own skills, teaching other young people at the club the techniques for "Reading Aloud," and participating in the Reading Is Fundamental Storymobile each week.

THE HARVARD COLLEGE undergraduate tutors wrote about how much the experience meant to them. In some cases it was a liberating and transformative event in their education. For example, the lead tutor graduated and has gone on to work as a teacher in an underserved area.

And in my own clinic, people have begun to be more attentive to the problem of literacy and health. We've become a site for the National Reach Out and Read Program, and literacy screening is now a standard part of my own practice.

ASIDE FROM ALL THAT, the project and fellowship have meant so very much for me in my professional life. I have a new job in a new institution willing to support my unconventional career path as a community pediatrician interested in social justice perspectives on health and medicine. Now there's a clearer focus to my work: To make a preferential option for the poor. I have also cultivated a new scholarly interest for myself: literacy and health.

ONE OF THE GREATEST GIFTS has been the opportunity to follow the "call of stories," and to think about how to use those stories to lead change. I find my inspiration in the work of the great American poet and pediatrician, William Carlos Williams, author of *The Doctor Stories*. Williams wrote with a clear sense of place. In the 1930s he worked among the immigrant industrial poor of Paterson in northern New Jersey. In the introduction to *The Doctor Stories*, Robert Coles tells that Williams wrote about "a Paterson of industrial strife, of smokestacks and foundries and assembly lines" and "Williams was clear who his teachers were, where they lived, how they shaped his sensibility."

I WORK AMONG THE POST-INDUSTRIAL POOR of another great urban center. And what I know is that Roxbury, like Paterson, is no place for bookish, humorless, tight-lipped poets. Leadership in this place requires a sense of social justice, rhythm, rigor, vision, a vitality and suppleness of spirit, muscle, music, and memory. Staying power. Heart. In my work as a community pediatrician, an activist, and writer in this place, I want the world to learn the stories of the lost ones. As a leader I want to play what the times recommend.

Ken Fox is a community pediatrician interested in the links between health and social justice. A Group XVI Kellogg fellow, he currently is assistant professor of pediatrics at Boston University School of Medicine, providing primary care at the South End Community Health Center and at Boston Medical Center's Adolescent Clinic, where he focuses on young men's health. Dr. Fox is adviser to B CityVoices, a violence-prevention initiative in Roxbury's Egleston Square, and executive director of the Hip-Hop Literacy Program. Finally, Ken is an instructor in the Department of Social Medicine, Harvard Medical School, where he codirects a course entitled "The Social Roots of Health and Disease."

EPILOGUE

As you can imagine, there are hundreds of leadership stories to be told based on the experiences of Kellogg fellows. *Leading from the Heart* captures some of these stories, each unique and tied to an individual's passion to make a difference in the lives of others. Selecting only a few of these stories to include in this book was a daunting task. The result is not intended to be a comprehensive analysis of the impact of the fellowship program upon the lives of Kellogg fellows or the people with whom they have interacted over the last 21 years. Rather, it is intended to reflect the spirit of leadership of the authors and their desire to contribute to the betterment of our society.

The authors of these stories have shared important moments of their lives with us, and their stories are powerful reminders of the strength and resilience of the human spirit. They challenge us to live our lives so that we seek meaningful opportunities to serve, resulting in our being remembered and treasured as individuals who refused to seek security through the accumulation of titles and possessions. Our hope is that each of you discovered some of your own personal leadership journey among the stories.

Sol Roth once wrote, "The successful person is one who is able to take his talents and invest them in the business of living in a manner that leads to the accomplishment of a full life of service." We hope that you heard the passionate voices of service behind the words of each author and that these voices will move you as leaders to serve others.

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KNLP 3960 -
Item # 719
1101 5M P&P
Printed on Recycled Paper
ISBN 0-9716520-0-7

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